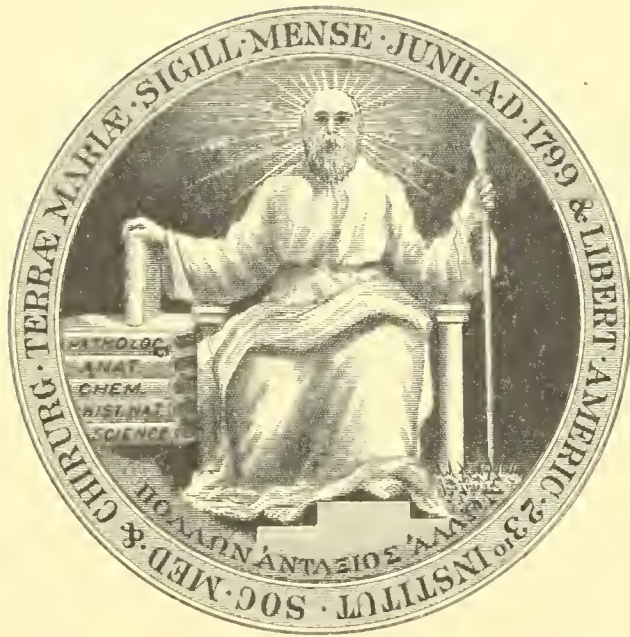


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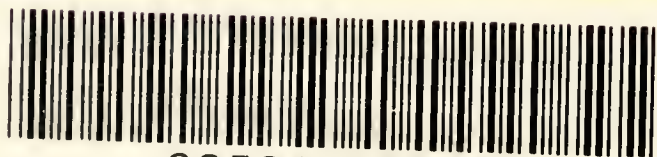


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W. H. Thompson
FLAGELLATION^e

IN

FRANCE

He is much mistaken, in my opinion, who thinks that authority exerted by force, is more weighty and more lasting than that which is enjoined by kindness.

TERENCE, *Adelphi*.

PATHOLOGICAL STUDIES OF THE PAST

Flagellation in France

FROM A

Medical and Historical Standpoint



PARIS
CHARLES CARRINGTON
PUBLISHER OF MEDICAL, FOLK-LORE AND HISTORICAL WORKS
13, FAUBOURG MONTMARTRE
1898

Wellcome Library
for the History
and Understanding
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5910

P R E F A C E

My spleene swells not when fooles with bables strike.
Pack hence, *precision*: cry'st it is obsecane?
Dine deeper, *shallowe pate*: knowe what I meane.
Knowe what I meane? alas! what hope haue I?
Since carpers mindes haue but a poreblynd eye.
Yet to prevent thy censures, thus muche knowe,
Whollye this booke was made, *follie* to showe,
And he which laies ope tymes abuse, and vice,
Are sildome blam'd of men Judicious wise:
At which I aym'd; and therefore, *duncepate* hence,
Or looke for lashes for thy rude offence.

(GODDARD) Satyricall Dialogue.

P R E F A C E

THERE are subjects which an Englishman is generally taught he must not talk about, hint at or even think about. Such tabooed topics are those relating to everything sexual. Whenever a man is suspected of being a Nihilist or an Anarchist, and the police search his dwelling, woe unto him, innocent or guilty, if there be found the least scrap of ultra-radical literature. With printed works bearing upon the relations of the sexes, the bibliophile is put down as a vile seducer, a madman, or as a follower of Oscar the Outcast. Thanks to this system of hypocrisy, observable in all Protestant communities, many social problems, which, if resolutely worked out in the open light of day would be undoubtedly conducive to the happiness of nations, by purifying the state of society, are left untouched, and when a timid searcher tries to throw a feeble ray of light upon them with only a half-opened lantern, he is warned off such dangerous territory by cries of fear, terror, disgust and scorn. Thus it is patent that the theory of flagellation, whether religious or erotic, has never been thoroughly set forth in a serious work and probably never will be. Flagellants and their victims will not confess their failings, and if by chance they do, they utter more falsehoods than a fortune-teller, so we are perforce driven to pick up our information as best we may, searching through the dusty pages of forgotten

volumes of olden times and contemporaneously scraping up precious tit-bits from all kinds of books in all languages and from the public prints, *veluti in speculum*. And then with all due modesty, as befits a true author and his generous publisher, we confess that the subject is a vast one, immense, and as yet awaiting its historian, because it embraces every nation. All the world flogs and will be flogged, more or less, according to climatical and hereditary influences. We have a pet idea of our own, and that is that lascivious manias are handed down to us from our forefathers. If one of our ancestors was a whipper in the active sense, delighting at the whistle of a supple birch, we also love to flourish a bunch of twigs before the handsome, half-laughing, and half-crying face of a none too-unwilling fair damsel, wife, companion or faithful female friend; while if our great-grandfather was in the habit of pulling out a silken purse and slipping its rings to hand over a couple of guineas before being strapped on the Berkeley horse, we, his degenerate descendants, are as likely as not to be regular customers to the up-to-date "massage" establishments of the West of London, where "Nurse Tottie", deals in "discipline treatment" at a sovereign an hour. We cannot, alas! prove our statement, as Granny keeps her secrets and never tells us youngsters how many times her husband, the last of the port-wine drinkers, kissed the rod on his knees before her, or made her, his lawful spouse, beg for mercy at the foot of the fine old mahogany four-post bedstead.

Therefore, lovers of literature relating to all topics bearing upon love and marriage or sexual curiosities, however peculiar, will hail with delight all new matter tending to open out fresh departures in this particular branch of social science. We are certain that every student, well-informed though he may be, will be interested in this new work, where there are several undiscovered cases relating to whipping in all ways, while he

who has never yet turned his attention to any description of this fascinating idiosyncrasy, will be astonished, delighted, amused and perhaps disgusted, as the case may be. Even the latter contingency will please us, for if our little work only saves one reader, out of the purchasers of the whole edition, from becoming an absolute slave to the rod, our labour will not have been in vain.

We hold up our head, look the enlightened Public straight in the eye, and declare that flagellation is one of the passions inherent to the human race and as such worthy of research, study, exposition and dissertation.

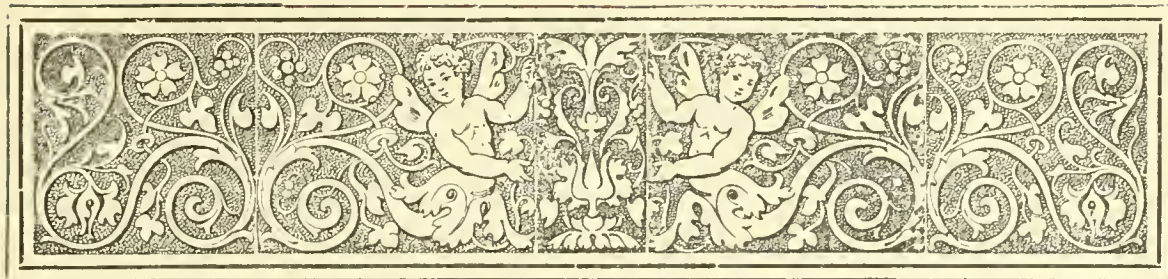


FLAGELLATION


FROM A MEDICAL AND HISTORICAL
STANDPOINT.

“Fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children’s sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mocked than feared.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. Act I. sc. 3.



FLAGELLATION IN FRANCE FROM A MEDICAL AND HISTORICAL STANDPOINT.

 IN the good old principle of defining one's terms before using them we will at once state what we mean by the word "flagellation." The term is itself a revelation, pointing to the existence of a custom once prevalent in ancient Rome.* Slaves and prisoners were there beaten by irate masters and mistresses with a *flagellum*, the diminutive of *flagrum*, a whip, a scourge—and from this word is derived "flagellation,"—a beating, whipping, or flogging. Nowadays, the word is generally meant to imply a beating with any other instrument besides a whip, for instance a cane, such as are sold in certain

* Classical scholars will recollect the inscription cited by Petronius (*Satyricon*, chap. V), which was hung up on a tablet at the entrance to the house:—

" ANY SLAVE
WHO SHALL GO OUT OF DOORS WITHOUT HIS MASTER'S LEAVE
SHALL RECEIVE
ONE HUNDRED LASHES "

(See *Titi Petronii Arbitri equitis Romani SATYRICON*, *Amstelodami*, 1669.)

shops in London expressly for the chastisement of naughty children. This article is thin and flexible and capable of causing excruciating pain as we can well recollect when applied to our own skins in the domestic circle before we had attained our teens. Or a strap may be employed; this is, we believe, a favourite form of punishment adopted mainly by coalheavers, cobblers, mechanics and other workmen wearing belts as a ready means of correction of their hapless wives and offspring when their democratic "lord of creation" has been ruffled. The ordinary walking stick is also sometimes made use of, but hardly enjoys the same popularity as a further instrument we have to mention:—that terribly-tender, tenderly-terrible, potent bogey of childhood's fancy and recollection—the Birch! What man is there, aye and woman either, arrived at the discretion of mature years who does not call to mind the correction applied by Papa or Mamma with this little thing!

Its mere name calls up a whole train of happy and unhappy memories! Happy were we then with no cares to trouble, no suspicion of the world's deceit and two-facedness, for then we eyed it with unquestioning faith and admiration. Unhappy we may have been then, but the tears of childhood's days are as water compared to the agonies endured since, which would weep themselves out; only tears now refuse to come. Who would not go back if he or she could to the days of birch and rod and cane and the after-consolations of sweets and toys and promises to be better, the latter to be forgotten as quickly as the former were eaten or broken.

The history of flagellation is as old as human history itself. We require no deep researches in old, dust-covered archives to convince us of this. A moment's reflection

will supply the proofs. Flagellation is founded on brutality more or less ferocious, and brutality is perhaps almost a necessity of human nature. We see this even in the little boy born of good Christian progenitors, who uses his infant intelligence to catch and torture flies, chase cats, or to tie broken kettles to dogs' tails; for all of which his kind parents feel constrained to catch him in his turn and apply equivalent torture to his wriggling body. All this we know is very shocking and very sad but unfortunately it is fact and in this age of scientific classification fact must be dealt with. Those people who may imagine the subject too trivial can have no idea of its real importance. They may, we suspect, belong to that wretched few who have never all their life revelled in the luxury of a castigation. Our pages are addressed to those whose skins at one time or other of their life have smarted under a good beating, and only such will this article interest.

It is not our intention to trace the history of the Birch amongst various nations. That has been already done, although we regret that the learned compiler of a "History of the Rod" omitted to quote authorities for his statements, an omission which, of course, reduces considerably the value of his book. Every now and again also, discussions crop up in the Medical and Society journals and other papers respecting the influence of the birch; we give a sample recently culled:

IN DEFENCE OF THE BIRCH.

"The question then is, what form of corporal punishment shall we use? Caning the hands and back is decidedly bad. It injures the nerves, destroys some of

them, and hurts the bones, nay, may even break them. A clouting is not safe, it may injure the ear, the brain, or any other part of the body. A stick is dangerous. But a switch or a bunch of birchen twigs can do no harm—unless in the hands of an absolute ruffian, fit for a lunatic asylum or the gallows. Moreover, the art of birching requires some preparation, which is not without its use both to boy and master. The preparation for castigation is often the worst part of the birching for the boy, while the delay will give time for any undue anger in the master to disappear. A properly-administered flogging is a particularly unpleasant sensation; it is short and sharp, and peculiarly awe-inspiring while it lasts, but only leaves behind a little smarting and a reminder when the urchin sits down. Nature has provided a cushion covered with a sensitive skin, which, if acted upon rightly, cannot result in injury, but will undoubtedly produce a most vivid sensation.”* The birch is no respecter of persons. On the backs of the rich and the poor, the great and the humble, it has descended with equal severity. Pisanus Fraxi† in his able and rare bibliographical notes records that:

“Many and various are the men who have left us reminiscences of their school miseries. From their descriptions

* “*SANITARY AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.*” BY AN OBSERVER. (Cotton Press 1897.) Mainly a collection of articles contributed to the *Medical Press and Circular*, the *Provincial Medical Journal*, and the *Sanitary Record*. The subjects dealt with include the physiological and mental effects of musical training on children, the use of the birch, building sites and soils, barrack dwellings, health resorts, etc.

† “*Centuria Librorum Absconditorum*,” (Lond. 1879).

of the fustigations inflicted by their preceptor, * and in some instances by their parents, we may gather that these "fouette culs" † took a delight in the exercise. It will suffice to enumerate here ERASMUS,¹ DESFORGES,² S. T. COLERIDGE,³ CHARLES LAMB,⁴ ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE,⁵ CAPEL LOFT,⁶ Colonel WHITETHORN,⁷ LEIGH HUNT. A similar conclusion must be arrived at after perusal of the floggings described by numerous writers of fiction, whose narratives, be it remarked, are generally based upon actual experience and observation.⁸ Indeed, such teachers as DR. GILL⁹ and DR. COLET of St. Paul's School, DR. DRURY and DR. VAUGHAN of HARROW, DR. BUSBY, DR. KEATE, Major EDGEWORTH of Eton and the Rev.

* BUCHANAN, tutor to King JAMES the first, used to whip his Majesty freely. When asked whether he did not fear to strike the Lord's Anointed? "Nae", said he, "I never touch his anointed end."

† See DICT. DE LA LANGUE VERTE, A DELVAU, Paris, 1867.

¹ Le Poète, Paris 1819—vol. 1.

² DE PUERIS.

³ SPECIMENS OF TABLE TALK. May 27, 1830.

⁴ *Essays of Elia; and Recollections of Christ's Hospital.*

⁵ *Autobiography of a Working Man.* London, 1848.

⁶ CELL FORMATION; or, the History of an Individual Mind: London 1837.

⁷ MEMOIRS OF A CAPE RIFLEMAN. I have not seen this work.

⁸ *Vide* RICHARD HEAD'S ENGLISH ROGUE; FIELDING'S TOM JONES; SMOLLETT'S RODERICK RANDOM; CAPT. MARRYAT'S RATTLIN THE REEFER; DICKENS' NICHOLAS NICKLEBY; KINGSLEY'S WESTWARD HO; TIECK'S REISENDE; the Abbé BORDELON'S GOMGAM, *ou l'Homme prodigieux*, etc. Some very forcible descriptions of floggings will also be found in SETTLERS AND CONVICTS, London 1847; TWELVE YEARS A SLAVE, LONDON 1853.

⁹ See GILL UPON GILL, or *Gill's Ass uncased, unstript, unbound*, MDCVIII; also DAVENANT'S lines *On Doctor Gill, Master of Paul's School.*

JAMES BOWYER * of Christ's Hospital have become by-words in this respect. They seem to have held with Edgar Allen Poe that: "Children are never too tender to be whipped: like tough beef-steaks, the more you beat them the more tender they become."

Oh ye! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
It mends their morals, never mind the pain:

(BYRON, *Don Juan*, CANTO II, stanza I.)

Flagellation is of various kinds and may be classified under several heads according to the dominant idea that controls the operation. For our present purposes we have adopted the following rough category:—

- I. **Flagellations in History.**
- II. **Religious Flagellations.**
- III. **Flagellation in Literature.**
- IV. **Medical Flagellation.**
- V. **Conjugal or Domestic Corrections.**

To pretend for a moment that we are going to exhaust all or indeed any of these would be simply misleading, as, properly treated, each of the above subjects would easily make a fair sized book. Our sole aim is to give a general view with running comment in the hope that some abler pen may one day take up the fascinating theme and follow it up into its farthest ramifications.

* "It is told of COLERIDGE that when he heard of his old master's (Bowyer's) death, he remarked that it was lucky that the cherubim who took him to Heaven were nothing but faces and wings or he would infallibly have flogged them by the way." *THE BLUE-COAT BOYS*, p. 90. In the same vol. there are anecdotes of LAMB, COLERIDGE, and LEIGH HUNT. The above story has also been told, I believe, of Dr. Busby.

Historical Flagellations. As regards scenes of flagellation in French History, we confess that we have not been able to unearth many. But this is, no doubt, due to our limited range of reading. These historical beatings in their turn may be divided under different heads, *i.e.*

- I. **Sadistic.** — arising out of the mere lust of cruelty and pleasure taken in the suffering of others.
- II. **Disciplinary.**
- III. **Idiosyncratic,** and
- IV. **Revengeful.**

In illustration of the Sadistic, we may notice the case quoted by Krafft Ebing.* We give the passage as it stands :—

“In history there are examples of famous women who, to some extent, had sadistic instincts. These Messalinas are particularly characterized by their thirst for power, lust, and cruelty. Among them are Valeria Messalina herself, and Catherine de Medici, the instigator of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, whose greatest pleasure was found in having the ladies of her court whipped before her eyes, etc.”

The gifted Henry von Kleist, who was undoubtedly mentally abnormal, gives a masterly portrayal of complete feminine sadism in his “Penthesilea”. In scene XII, Kleist describes his heroine with Achilles, whom she had been pursuing in the fire of love, betrayed into her hands, as, overcome with lustful, murderous fury, she tears him in pieces and sets her dogs on him : “She strikes, tearing

* *PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS. With especial reference to Contrary Sexual Instinct: A MEDICO-LEGAL STUDY.* By Dr. R. von Krafft-Ebing. *Authorized translation of the Seventh Enlarged and revised German edition.* By Chas. Gilbert Chaddock, M. D., Philadelphia, 1895.

the armour from his body; they set their teeth in his white breast,—she and her dogs, the rivals, Oxus and Sphynx,—they on the right side, she on the left; and as I approached blood dripped from her hands and mouth.” And later, when Penthesilea becomes satiated: “Did I kiss him to death? No. Did I not kiss him? Torn in pieces? Then it was a mistake; kissing rhymes with biting, and one who loves with the whole heart might easily mistake the one for the other.” *

Idiosyncratic Flagellation. Amongst curious instances of flagellation which in the absence of a better name we term idiosyncratic we cite the following.

A very extraordinary case which reminds us very much of the old fellow in Dickens’ “Tale of Two Cities”, of an old man, confined in the Bastille, to whom flagellation had become a second nature, is recorded by DE RENNEVILLE. † Seeing a birch-rod on the chimney-piece, he enquired whether it was not kept to chastise a dog then in the room.

“No,” said our ferocious Philosophe, “it is the violin of this old fool,” pointing out to me the ancient Doctor of the Faculty. And of a sudden, this barbarous Corrector, seized a formidable bundle of rods; “Come along” at once said he to the puerile old man, “and no answering back, down with your breeches.” The old fellow, all of a tremble threw himself on his knees before the inexorable Satyr,

* In the latest literature we find the matter treated, but particularly in Sacher-Masoch’s novels, which are hereafter to be alluded to, and in Ernest von Wildenbruch’s “*Brunhilde*”; Rachilde’s “*La Marquise de Sade*”, etc.

† L’INQUISITION FRANÇOISE, ou l’Histoire de la Bastille, vol. III, p. 256, a curious wood-cut illustrates the scene.

and with his cap on his knees, and scratching his head with both hands, he said with tears; "Why do you want to whip me? I have not yet done any harm to-day." "Would you dare ask for pity while you scratch your head?" answered the arrogant Pedant, hitting him roughly on the fingers with the rods: "now then, down with your breeches; you do not mend matters by making such a fuss." I at first thought that all this was but a joke; which did not trouble me much. But when I saw the poor old fool, renewing his tears, pull down his breeches and lifting up his blood-stained shirt, he uncovered his thin and withered bottom covered as with a single sore from the violence of continual whipping, I placed myself before him to prevent this extravagant executioner from outraging an aged man who might well have been his grand-father. "Sir," said this furious madman, raising his stentorian voice, "Ariaga has said:—*Correctionem esse necessariam: sic opinor; ergo plectetur petulans iste,*" * "Ariaga," I replied, "would say, if he saw you acting as you do, that not only is it madness, but also needless cruelty to whip an old man over seventy years old, without the least motive; you shall not maltreat him in my presence." "Go away," continued the philosophic beast, looking askant at me, like a bull ready to use his horns, "if you do not wish me to treat you as I do this old fool." "Mr. *Ens irrationalis,*" I answered, "I will suffer like a Christian all your follies, as incurable, but if you venture only a filip, I will put you in such a state as no longer ever to be able to beat your ancestor; reflect more than once before you attempt to play with me." Saying these words,

* That discipline is needful. Such is my opinion. Wherefore let yonder naughty fellow be punished.

I dragged away the decrepit doctor from his hands, who after having wiped his eyes, began to button up his breeches; when Duwall came to me, his rosary in his hand, and said to me as seriously as possible that I should bring a fearful disorder into the place if I prevented him from correcting this old man who was insupportably malicious. I was about to answer him and to point out the injustice of so unnecessary a proceeding; when the doting old doctor said to me:—"Mind your own business; I *will* be flogged, I will: it is this paternal correction which keeps me in vigour," and running towards Gringalet* he abandoned his backside to him, which was doubly whipped by the pedant; for my opposition had doubled his fury. When the operation was finished the doctor asked the ill-tempered philosopher for some bread-and-butter, who gave him some on condition that he behaved better in future.

Disciplinary Flagellation:—Talleyrand des Réaux † cites an historical case, from which it would appear that even the posterior rotundities of kings were not exempt from the chastisement of the birch. The witty historian says:

"Henry IV wrote to Madame de Monglut, governess to the children of France, (the royal princes): 'I have to complain that you have not informed me that you had whipped my son, for I will and command you to whip him every time that he shall be obstinate, or do something wrong, knowing by myself that there is nothing in the world more profitable than that; and I recognize by experience that it profited me, for when I was of his age

* A nick-name meaning an inconsistent person.

† LES HISTORIETTES DE TALLEMAND DES RÉAUX.—*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire du 17^e Siècle*: 10 vols. in French, Paris, 1840.

I was much whipped, that is why I require you to do it and to make him understand the same'." (*Lettres* following the *Journal Militaire de Henri IV*, published by the Comte de Valori, 1821, p. 400). The Queen altered her mind as to her aversion to the humiliating punishment of the birch; we will here quote the testimony of Malherbe: "Last Friday *M. le Dauphin*, playing at chess with La Luzerne, who is one of his boys of honour, the latter gave him check-mate; *M. le Dauphin* was so much vexed, that he threw his chess-men at his partner's head. The Queen heard of it, and caused him to be whipped by M. de Souvray, and ordered him to teach the prince to be more gracious in future." (*Lettre de Malherbe à Peiresc*, of 11th January 1610, Paris 1822, p. 111). Some other examples are to be met with in the *Mémoires de l'Estoile*, collection Petitot, 1st series XLIX, 26.

Domestic whipping is common to all countries, and flourishes in varying degrees according to the manners of the time. We think that Solomon's recommendation not to spare the rod was perfectly superfluous, simply because no parents in their right mind would hesitate for a moment to thrash their children, however big and strong, and whether boy or girl, if the castigation were to save them from moral ruin. We remember a case of a young woman of eighteen being corrected in this way by her widowed mother and her uncle. This brazen hussy was going fast to the bad, and laughed her mother to scorn when she spoke of a beating; but the mother, wisely and properly, called in the uncle one fine morning, and our young lass was very glad to cry for mercy and promise amendment. Parents, in fact, are sometimes obliged to delegate their powers to others, as the following interview will show.

This report appeared in LE PARIS (Tuesday, 24th December, 1889), and is, of course, biased, as the French people generally do not seem to share our opinions with regard to correction in the domestic circle, while we, on our side, are not fond of giving mere sundry cuffs and blows, which we hold have a demoralising tendency.

HOW JOHN BULL GETS HIS DAUGHTERS WHIPPED.

Much has been done of late to find new occupations for women of good education and who are obliged by necessity to earn their livelihood.

Our lady neighbours across the Channel have just discovered one which is certainly not devoid of originality, but which opens out a career that I believe few of our *Parisiennes* will be tempted to follow. They may form an idea of it by the following advertisements, which we cull from the DAILY NEWS, the DAILY TELEGRAPH, and the TIMES:

“VICIOUS CHARACTER, HYSTERIA AND LAZINESS CAN BE CURED BY A SEVERE DISCIPLINE AND A CAREFUL EDUCATION.”

Or again:

“I UNDERTAKE THE EDUCATION OF WILFUL YOUNG LADIES. THE BEST REFERENCES I CAN GIVE ARE MY TWO PAMPHLETS: “*Advice for the education of children*”, and “*The Birch*”, 1 shilling. ADVICE BY LETTER, 5 shillings. Address: Mrs. WALTER, HIGH-SCHOOL HOUSE, CLIFTON, BRISTOL.”

The correspondent of the *Nedela* of Saint-Petersburg had the curiosity to get one of his lady friends to interview “Mrs. Walter”.

The visitor was introduced into a plain but comfortable English drawing-room, enlivened by a bright coal fire.

Around the fireside were seated several ladies, who looked at each other somewhat diffidently, without conversing, as if they each of them preferred keeping their *incognito*.

Shortly afterwards a door opened on the opposite side of the room, and there entered a tall woman, square built, of masculine appearance, her body without a bend, her cap and dress in general having a semi-monastic air in keeping with the calmly cold expression of her features. Her flat breast was ornamented with a medallion bearing the inscription: "*The Good Shepherd*."

She silently escorted her last visitor to the door, then turning to one of the ladies seated near to the fire-place, she led her into her private room. The interview did not last long, another client succeeded her, and the Russian lady, who was the tenth, had during a quarter of an hour leisure to count six new arrivals.

At last it was her turn. Of course there was a big Bible lying on Mrs. Walter's desk, and next to it was a still more voluminous book.

"I have a niece whom I find it quite impossible to manage and I feel inclined to confide her to your care," said the Russian lady; "but I am first desirous of obtaining some details concerning your system of education. If I am right I presume that all the ladies whom I have seen in your drawing-room, came like me to solicit your advice?"

"These ladies are clients of mine, many of them have come from London," answered Mrs. Walters, in a firm, slow and distinctly articulated voice.

She opened the big ledger before her, already covered with addresses.

"These ladies, having children that are either rebellious or vicious, beg of me to call upon them in order to apply

discipline to the stubborn. I charge half a guinea per visit. I receive, in my establishment, boarders at 100 pounds per annum, the table, instruction and discipline included."

"I should like to know precisely in what your discipline consists."

"I only seek the opportunity to propagate a system of education that I have experimented, and which is based on divine precepts, the very truth itself. When a young girl is confided to my charge, I bring her here, and cause her to sit down there..."

She pointed to a stool placed in full light.

"I tell her that I know her faults, and I make her understand that it is her own interest to obey without questioning. I always commence with moral suggestions," repeated Mrs. Walters.

"Do they sometimes succeed?" questioned the visitor.

"Rarely," replied Mrs. Walters: "application is generally made to me when all other means of persuasion have already failed. At the first act of insubordination, I warn my pupil that if she perseveres in that course, I shall have recourse to more stringent measures to reduce her to obedience. After this warning I still bear some patience, but at the very first fault, disobedience or falsehood, I declare to the delinquent that she shall be flogged. But it is a rule with me never to whip a child while I am in anger.

"On the day fixed on for the punishment, I prepare a long, narrow and solid table. I place cushions on this table, and provide myself with leathern straps and a good, long, supple birchen rod. I then tell the young girl to approach and receive her punishment. I command her to

take off her frock, her petticoats and to put on a peignoir buttoning behind. When she is ready, I explain her fault to her and the necessity of chastisement, which I consider as a remedy.

"I promise her that if she does not cry out, nobody will know that she has been undergoing punishment, but I warn her that if she cries out or struggles, I shall be obliged to call for assistance. Young girls mostly prefer submitting to their punishment so that no one should be aware of it.

"When she has become resigned to her chastisement, I place her upright before the end of the table and incline the upper part of her body as far as the waist down upon the cushions. I then tie her hands and feet, which I attach to the table.

"All this takes less time to do than it takes to relate," added Mrs. Walter.

"These preparations ended," she continued, "I unbutton the peignoir, I take hold of the birch and stand at a certain distance, on one side. I then begin to whip her slowly, but with force, at each stroke coming nearer to the patient, so that each time the birch may fall upon a fresh place. When the whipping is well and energetically executed, six strokes of the birch suffice to take away from the sufferer the slightest desire to begin again. If the offense has been very grave, I then go to the other side and whip in the contrary direction.

"If the girl should cry out, I give her a few strokes extra. If she is wise and accepts the punishment with humility, I then, for instance, spare her two strokes out of a dozen. Finally, when all is over, I button up the peignoir and unfasten the girl. I usually find her brought

to better feelings and I assist her to come to true repentance. When the fustigation has been administered under good conditions, according to rule and conscientiously, it is seldom that the young girl rebels against the punishment; she is generally humiliated, on the contrary, and quite ready to make it up with me. It very rarely occurs that after having received a sound correction a girl repels me when I say to her 'let us kiss and make friends.'

"Afterwards, I give her time to recover from her emotions and advise her to go back to her room without saying a word to any one. It is very rare indeed," added Mrs. Walter with pride, "for any of my pupils to fall back again into their faults after a good whipping; at any rate, I have never had to repeat the dose more than twice."

Mrs. Walter was silent for a moment, and then observed:

"If you are inclined to confide your niece to my care?..."

"She is too big," replied the visitor; "she is fifteen years old."

"Too big!" exclaimed Mrs. Walters, "but I have pupils twenty years old; I have birched them every one, and they are only all the better for it!"

Revengeful Flagellations. Instances of these in French history are perhaps more numerous and certainly more piquant. In the "*Causes Célèbres*" * there is a

* *Causes célèbres et intéressantes, avec les jugements qui les ont décidées*, recueillies par Gayst de Pitaval. Amst. et Liège, 1755. Continué par De la Ville. 26 vol. in 12mo. Editions de Paris. 1738—1743 en 20 vol. et d'Amsterdam en 22 vol.

Curieuse publication, contenant: Histoire de la Marquise de Brinvilliers, célèbre empoisonneuse—H^{re} d'Urbain Grandier, condamné comme auteur de la possession des religieuses de Loudun—La belle

curious case cited under the enigmatic title of "OUTRAGE SANGLANT FAIT à UNE DAME PAR UNE AUTRE DAME; OU HISTOIRE DE LA DAME DE LIANCOURT ET DU DIFFÉREND QU'ELLE EUT AVEC LA MARQUISE DE FRESNIL, ET DE L'INSULTE QU'ELLE EN ESSUYA. *

We cannot do better than give this extraordinary case in the quaint words of the century-old compiler of the "Causes Célèbres." Only mere references to it have been made hitherto in English works; we are the first to give a detailed account of one of the most passionate and curious law-suits that stirred pre-revolutionary France to its depths. It was a singular punishment for one lady to imagine against another, and to-day would be dealt no doubt with as a common assault. We know of no equivalent case in the annals of English jurisprudence, nor are we deep-read lawyers enough to say whether this mode of revenge has been provided for by the Statutes.


épicière ou la femme adultère condamnée—Religieuse prétendue hermaphrodite—Abolition du Congrès—Réfutation de l'apologie du Congrès—H^{re} d'une coquette de l'Opéra, etc., etc.

Our case is given in the 4th vol. page 348 and occupies some 40 pages.

* Sanguinary Outrage committed by one Lady upon another; or Story of the Lady of Liancourt and of the quarrel that she had with the Marchioness of Fresnil, and of the Insult that sprang from it.



THE WHIPPING
OF THE
LADY OF LIANCOURT.

“ HERE are crimes, against which the Laws have written down no penalties: and yet they disturb the order of society, interest the honour of individuals, and stamp upon them certain stains of infamy. In such cases the judges may punish the guilty with afflictive penalties, taking into consideration the circumstances which give enormity to the crime.

Amongst such offences we must class the strange vengeance, which was wreaked more than two hundred years ago, by the Marquise de Fresnil on the person of Madame de Liancourt. Although in the insult she cast upon this high-born lady, the hirelings employed to execute her will did not commit the further outrage of rape on Madame de Liancourt, the public was none the less convinced, that they had stopped at nothing, and that they really had carried license to its utmost limits. But, in tales of this kind it is customary to give free rein to fancy and once excited the public will imagine anything.

Madame de Liancourt was a de Lannoy, the daughter of a financier: she was an orphan at the age of from nine to ten years; her father's brother received her into his house. As soon as she was old enough, her principal object like that of all properly-constituted young ladies, was marriage. Indeed, tradition affirms that by the elegance of her shape, and the delicacy of her features, she was made for the delight and vexation of lovers: but her fortune which was not free and paid up, was a sufficient cause why the lovers did not readily become transmogrified into husbands. Her beauty thus attracted the amorous, and the state of her fortune disheartened those who would otherwise have dreamed of marriage. Her *Procureur au Parlement* (legal adviser) presented to her an Auvergnat, a sub-equerry of the Duke of Orleans, but an honorary sub-equerry only, the sole advantage that his office brought to him, being that it favoured the trade in horses which he carried on; so that by his intrigue and his industry he was able to cut a decent figure. Paris is full of such kind of people, whose genius is a sounder investment than an estate exposed to hail-storms. She married him and his talents; and amongst them that which he devoted for law-suits proved of great assistance to this lady. With so much success did he conduct those which she had pending, that he liberated her property and after the payment of all debts put her in possession of one hundred thousand livres. He then, as if nothing more now remained for him to do in this world, had the good grace to give up the ghost and make his wife a widow.

When this lady's fortune had so embellished her beauty, as to render her the object of those who aimed at the matrimonial Sacrament, they came in crowds; but looking

still only for solid qualities, she preferred to all his competitors Monsieur Romet, a widower, a master of Rivers and Forests whose first wife had been the sister of Father Bouhours.* Strange to say it was her widower husband's advanced age that determined the young widow, who contrary, we believe, to the general rule for her new marriage, consulted neither the throbbings of her senses nor the passions of youth. No doubt, she foresaw that an old man being nearer to the end of his career, would enable her the sooner to come into possession of the advantages the marriage offered; that these advantages compensating the disproportion of their respective ages, would be all the better as coming to her quickly. The event did honour to her perspicacity. An anecdote is related of her, which shows that she was a woman of a strikingly two-faced, artful and selfish disposition.

As in this work I have proposed to please as well as to instruct the public, I may be permitted to relate incidents which serve to make known the characters whom I place before the footlights. At the time when her husband was dangerously ill, Madame Romet was ambitious of possessing precious stones. For that purpose she hit upon a rather clever idea which she acted upon as soon as he got well. He wished to make her a present of a rich dress: "No," said she, "*I cannot accept your present: I have promised Saint François Paule, to wear the Minim habit, if you are restored to health. I am too sensible of the grace that he has obtained for me, not to fulfil my vow.*" Her husband was much touched by this proof of her tenderness, which, he thought, was all the

* Father Bouhours, a celebrated Jesuit.

more sincere, because the love of dress is not one of the least passions that move the mysterious heart of woman. So, entirely as a present, he gave her **20,030** livres worth of precious gems, to set off the modesty of the garb she had vowed to wear. Shortly afterwards, death, who had made but a mock blow against master Romet, played his part in grim earnest.

Reduced to widowhood for the second time, with fortune considerably increased, and without any diminution of her beauty, she was sought after by a crowd of wooers, the greater number of whom were naturally more love-stricken with her money than by her charms. Her preference fell upon a Monsieur Segulier de Liancourt, whom she married. Notwithstanding the large fortune of her new husband, his loose conduct led Madame de Liancourt in a short time to fear for her dowry. This man turned out a thorough spendthrift, but he had fallen into the hands of a strong-minded lady. After the first extravagances of her husband, she obtained a separation of goods by a sentence of the Tribunal of the Châtelet. This precaution, having irritated him, disputes soon sprang up in their married life. That did not prevent her from bearing him children. This is the advantage of possessing a charming exterior; it brings again together in love the husband and wife who were at variance.

The estate where she resided, was not far from that inhabited by Monsieur des Ursins, Marquis de Tresnel. She was a frequent visitor at this place, and always well received by the Marquis. The Marchioness de Tresnel, mother of the Marquis, in her defence, says that Madame de Liancourt ruled there. The Marquis was then not yet married, but as soon he had espoused Mademoiselle de Gaumont, a coldness grew up between the two ladies and

Madame de Liancourt disappeared from the Chateau where formerly she had been a welcome guest.

The Marchioness pretended that Madame de Liancourt indited a satire against her, in the form of a petition addressed to the Intendant of Paris. This satire wound up by making out in a playful way, that the Marchioness had to be sent to the "Petites-Maisons" mad-house. She complained to the Marshals of France, and deposited in the Record-Office the petition which had been distributed everywhere, but, although she obtained the right to have a judicial enquiry set on foot, which was done, she did not thereby succeed in proving that Madame de Liancourt was the author of the objectionable document. But none the less she was convinced of the fact, and watched for an opportunity of revenge, which, the day the offence was proved she had made up her mind to deal out with no light hand. Poets pretend that this passion was the pleasure of the Gods. Experience proves that it is also the pleasure of the fair sex, and that vindictive men are in that respect inferior to women. Women better understand the refinements of revenge, and better than men they know how to rise above fear, when they wish to take their unstinted fill of their victim's torments. Their very heart at such times may be said to be kneaded with the leaven of hate.

The Marchioness was burning to satisfy hers. She went to the Church of the Nuns of Chaumont du Vexin François, to hear the sermon. Mademoiselle de Liancourt, the daughter, was there; she bowed to the Marchioness, but did not offer to cede her place to her. After the sermon the ladies were invited to partake of some refreshment, when the Marchioness complained bitterly of what she called the incivility of Mademoiselle de Liancourt, whom

she reproached with having ignored the rules of good breeding. By birth she considered herself to be far superior to both mother and daughter. It is well known that women, in regard to the rules of precedence, are much more obstinate than men, and that, in the idea they may form of their peculiar merit, the being born noble constitutes a dominant factor. They are little short of esteeming themselves as belonging to a superior human species, greatly distinguished above common folk, and even above nobles of a more recent creation.

This incident passed, people imagined the affair ended. But it was not so. The Marchioness, escorted by her lackeys, went on the 9th August 1691, to the Church of the Abbey of Gomerfontaine, to hear the panegyric of Saint Bernard, and there found Madame de Liancourt already seated. Our noble lady marched purposely straight up to her, and, finding that the latter had risen as if to salute her, the Marchioness thrust her out of her place and seated herself therein. She admits in her defence that, not knowing how to write verses, she wanted to be revenged for the satire, and that she was guilty of an act of incivility that she would not have shown to the meanest person for whom she might have felt resentment.

It can easily be guessed that Madame de Liancourt, not being the stronger, relieved her feelings by abuse; which provoked the Marchioness to call her a "petite bourgeoise", and to threaten to get her maltreated by her husband the Marquis. She also termed her a "coquette"; and as she did not herself possess the personal charms of Madame de Liancourt, the latter retaliated by shooting at her an epithet signifying a woman who is complaisant and serviceable for the purposes of a variety

of lovers. It is in the height of their anger that women of the world, who possess the gift of speech, enrich the language with new phrases.

This conversation gave to the Marchioness a new incentive to vengeance. From that moment she resolved to inflict the most signal affront on Madame de Liancourt that her ingenuity could devise.

It was said among the public that a negro in the service of the Marchioness had meddled in the quarrel, and that his zeal for his mistress had been embittered by a witty shaft on the subject from Madame de Liancourt. These are injuries that ladies neither forget, nor forgive.

Persons of consideration, who had witnessed the insult, pressed the Marchioness to give satisfaction to Madame de Liancourt, and the latter went to the parlour of the Abbess of Gomerfontaine to receive in good faith the excuses of the Marchioness, who again insulted her.

Madame de Liancourt, wishing to prevent any further unpleasantness, wrote to the Marquis de Tresnel, who by the silence he kept, showed that he tacitly sanctioned his wife's conduct.

Madame de Liancourt, some time afterwards, expressed the intention of paying a visit to Monsieur and Madame de Monbrun at Dauval, whose place was about a league and a quarter distant from her own property. The Marchioness, who had her spies, was soon informed of this intention. She quitted her domain in a six-horsed coach, accompanied by Mademoiselle de Villemartin, followed by four men on horseback, armed with swords and pistols, one of whom was the Marquis's valet, and three lackeys wearing his livery, while three others out of livery rode behind the coach. However quick she may have been,

she was not able to overtake Madame de Liancourt on her way to Dauval, but she arranged to take better measures against her return. She turned in at the Curé's of Daucour, which was not far from the road to Dauval, and posted one of her horsemen as a sentinel on the road, to let her know as soon as Madame de Liancourt's coach should come in sight. At the first notice the Marchioness started off in haste.

As soon as Madame de Liancourt saw from afar such a large escort, she did not doubt but that her enemy had come to insult her. A rapid command to her coachman to start off at full trot towards her castle proved of no avail. The four horsemen come up, bar the way, giving the Marchioness time to arrive in her turn. When the two coaches were alongside of each other, she ordered her coachman to turn to the right so as to upset the coach of Madame de Liancourt; the postilion at once obeyed, but the coachman himself, more wisely turned his two leading horses to the left. The coachman and the lackeys of Madame de Liancourt, afraid that they would get roughly handled from the fury of the horsemen, turned tail and fled. Two of the lackeys, behind the coach of the Marchioness descend like a couple of infuriated maniacs, open the door of Madame de Liancourt's coach, seize hold of both her and maid, and force them against their will to get out.

For decency's sake I am here obliged to draw a veil over the indignities they committed on the person of this haughty dame. Certain it is that the lady so dealt with crimsoned and turned pale by turns, turned pale and crimsoned again in hot succession; that she kicked in vain first to the right and then to the left. No doubt,

too, that this elegant dame launched out words more expressive than polite. Her assailants were alas too many and her legs held tight so that she could do no harm, while harm to her was being done after the manner of a child. Had only ladies been present she could have borne it, but to suffer thus under the eyes of the opposite sex were very shame. Let it suffice to say that they did not proceed to those outrages against the honour of the mistress and of her maid that mere vulgar people might suppose. The Marchioness, who, all the time hugely relished the spectacle, when her vengeance was satiated, had Madame de Liancourt put back into her coach, of which the lackeys had cut the traces and taken off the buckles which supported the box, saying to her with bitter mockery: "I could not leave a lady of quality on foot in the middle of the road."

The Marchioness having withdrawn triumphant, some charitable passers-by gave assistance to Madame de Liancourt and her maid, and fetched her a coach. The Lady overwhelmed with confusion then returned to her domain.

The King, on being informed of the matter, forbade the husbands resorting to arms. Monsieur and Madame de Liancourt lodged their complaint before the Marshals of France. This tends to prove that no sensual excesses were perpetrated on her, for it is not before the Marshals that complaints of great crimes were carried. They even consented to be satisfied with the decision of the Archbishop of Rouen as to the satisfaction that was due to Madame de Liancourt: whereas there is no compromise whatever for heinous offences. The public, who greatly exaggerate the importance of such personal insults, were

absolutely convinced that Madame de Liancourt had been subjected to the license of hired libertines.

She was looked upon in the same light as dishonoured persons. Why should a woman, to whom, against her will, the greatest affront has been offered, consent to remain sullied with a sort of infamy? I know that at the bottom of the heart justice may be rendered her; but outwardly, those who pity her the most, really despise her, and cannot put up with the stain with which they imagine her character is blackened.

Why have we not a Court of Judgment, presided over by the sanest men to be found, whose mission it would be to render justice to ladies who might meet with a misfortune of this kind? Such a court would, by reforming public prejudice, reinstate a woman, who had been forcibly put to shame, in the honourable position she had before occupied in the popular esteem. For, no female can forfeit her honour, except by the criminal exercise of her own will.

How ought a woman, blackened in men's opinion, because believed to have fallen a victim to unrestrained libertinism, draw up her Petition? Should her evidence tend to strengthen such a supposition? Her position is indeed delicate. For should she show any hesitancy in her denunciation, and seem to palliate the affront received, the Public, already believing her dishonoured, would absolutely despise her, because of her supposed indifference. What course ought she to take? It appears that there was really no other way left open to the Lady of Liancourt than to confirm the Public in its belief as to the licentious outrages committed upon her body, since the public belief as to this had taken deep root, and make application to the Law for vengeance, as though the crime of rape had actually

been added to that of the fustigation. No other means were left to her, of retrieving her dead honour. The Law would thus be forced to wash her clean of the mud of opprobrium, while, at the same time, fully avenging the dishonour done to her person.

This seems to have been the opinion of Madame de Liancourt, when she lodged her complaint, although she does not express herself clearly on the subject. But she was anticipated by the *Procureur Général*, who, seeing the negligence of the local judges to proceed against and punish the crime, obtained a decree dated 16 November 1691, *which ordained that the evidence and acts, if such had been commenced concerning the conflict which took place, between the ladies de Tresnel and de Liancourt, should be produced before the Criminal Registry of the Court, and that upon its order proceedings should be instituted.*

The judicial enquiry was made by M. le Nain, already celebrated for his able drawing up of several great criminal cases. He betook himself to the locality, and as in reply to the order issued from the Bailiwick of Chaumont du Vexin François, it appeared that no proceedings had been taken, the *Procureur Général* obtained a decree commanding the *Lieutenant Criminel* (*High Sheriff*) of this bailiwick and the *Procureur du Roi* (*Crown Solicitor*) to appear, within two days after the serving of this notice, before the Court, to answer to the conclusions that it might take against them, and that in the event of their non-appearance, they would be deprived of the exercise of their office. They appeared. After having been heard, as also the *Procureur Général* (*Attorney General*), it was ordained *that they should be warned that they were in fault, that they had been negligent in not*

making enquiry into what had happened, even though the parties had lodged no complaint; because the offence had been committed on the highway. They were again summoned into Court. The deliberation of the Court was notified to them, they were enjoined to be more vigilant in future in the functions of their office, and permitted to withdraw.

It was then that Madame de Liancourt intervened, confiding her confusion to the bosom of Justice. After the last touch had been given to the criminal proceedings, she took civil action.

In her petition she puts forth, that long enough, and even for too long, the grief which mastered her, had also imposed silence upon her; that she would be unworthy of the protection of the Court if she did not appear to be as anxious for her private revenge, as the *Procureur Général* was for that of the outraged public.

She could not, she said, complain, without again exposing herself at the expense of her modesty; but the outrage was too cruel to be further hushed up, however painful to her it might be to complain. One may judge of the severity of this insult since in order to ask for reparation she is obliged to render a statement of it which in itself once again dishonours her.

She has the misfortune, she pleads, of having drawn upon her the implacable hatred of the Marchioness de Tresnel, only on account of those qualities which have gained for her the esteem of worthy people. She has no occasion to describe her to make her known. It may be easily supposed, that a woman, who, to avenge imaginary insults, is capable of the black action with which she has sullied herself, and who, while it was being committed, feasted her vengeance with so much satisfaction, outdoes

malignity itself. Madame de Liancourt then relates the facts; and, when she comes to the outrage, says that she felt "cruel and bold hands, which executed furiously the cruel and infamous orders of the Marquise." * That is the utmost she says; which proves that no outrage against her honour was committed. She designates two lackeys of the Marquis de Tresnel who had handled her in this fashion. Marolle, with a long, narrow face, and with dark hair; the other named Picard, with a red face, and light hair; both of them of middle height. She says that the Marchioness, by her words inflamed with rage, excited the ministers of her vengeance: she leaves us to gather that modesty makes her pass over the nature of the offences made against her person; and, to express them, she does not dare to employ terms which would make her blush. She says, that the Marchioness, in her thirst for vengeance, has exceeded the cruelty of tyrants.

She added, in terminating, that she trusts the Court will grant her so complete a reparation, as to smother in its birth a hatred likely to perpetuate itself and to be transmitted in a family, should offended honour be but badly repaired.

In her claim, she demands that the Marquis de Tresnel and the Marchioness his wife, be condemned together with those who executed their orders, conjointly, to pay to her the sum of *one hundred thousand livres*, † as damages and interest, reserving to the *Procureur Général* to take such conclusions as he may think to be fit and proper for public vindication, and for that of the suppliant.

* *Des mains cruelles et hardies qui exécutoient avec fureur les ordres cruels et infâmes de la Marquise.*

† A rather dear price for a whipping even though it be given on a public highway to a lady of high quality!

In the Memorandum of defence of the Marchioness, it is first of all declared, that it is not proposed to make her appear innocent; but to prove that she is less culpable than the Public has been led to believe.

It is admitted that she carried her resentment too far, and that the vengeance she took was violent, and contrary to the most inviolable rules of propriety.

But, when verily it is known what has preceded this action, and the limits within which she had restrained herself; when the real nature of the crime has been reflected on, and on the name which is to be given to it; it will be found that the resentment of the Marchioness was not without foundation, nor the action so extravagant, as has been published to the world; and it will even be difficult to find therein a matter for public vengeance at all, far less the subject of a capital crime, as Madame de Liancourt pretends.

The Counsel for the Marchioness adds, that the satire in verse, that Madame de Liancourt had written against the accused, was the object of legitimate resentment; but he does not seem to have at all proved that Madame de Liancourt was the authoress of it. Such a satire, he continued, is a greater injury, and is more damaging to the reputation of a lady, than the most qualified violence, because the first attacks her conduct and her morals, and strikes a mortal attaint at her honour, whereas the other attacks her body only, without wounding her reputation. It marks only the weakness of the person who suffers the insult; but it does not give a bad impression of her conduct.

He then pretends to prove by the judicial enquiry, that no supreme outrage was committed upon Madame de

Liancourt. In fact the evidence on the matter, proves that she underwent ill-treatment only, that her modesty was repeatedly offended, but does not establish the supreme licence.

But this offence of the Marchioness deserves undoubtedly to be qualified as a Public crime for the following reasons:

FIRSTLY, because, according to the definition of this crime, it is an offence in which the public is principally interested. It may be affirmed that the safety of the King's highway is a matter concerning public interest; now, this crime was committed on a public highway.

SECONDLY, this action cannot be considered as a private outrage, because it is a formal assault on the honour of a woman. The torture in the form of a punishment, to which she was subjected, delivers her up to scorn. The esteem in which her virtue may have been held, is not diminished: but it is supposed that she is covered with a sort of opprobrium thrust upon her by the humiliating insult she has received. It is a dishonour to which she has been subjected against her will, and which men allow to remain, taunting her without meaning it: they are unable to clear their minds of the prejudice, although plain reason condemns them. A woman thus outraged has a stain of shame upon her, which she cannot wash away.

All the fair sex has a great interest in having a crime of the kind punished, so as to be safe themselves from such a dishonouring insult. Is it not a public crime in which the fairest half of the public is so deeply interested? Moreover men also, to whom these insulted women are allied by ties of blood and of marriage, are interested in the punishment of the offence; since the dishonour of the woman so insulted falls back upon them.

THIRDLY, the fact of the persons who committed these indignities being of low condition, renders the crime more deserving of punishment. The subordination that exists between a person of condition, or of lower rank, and a base person, gives greater atrocity to the insult; this subordination, which concerns public interest, having been violated, the crime partakes of the character of publicity. The Marchioness, who had chosen men of that stamp, to make the insult more sensible, had to undergo all the penalty of the crime considered from this point of view, because she was the author of this infamous enterprise.

FOURTHLY, the law grants particular protection to the fair sex, on account of its weakness, of the delicacy of its honour, which may be attacked, and of which it may be deprived by violence. Its only protection is the punishment imposed upon violence and brutality. This punishment must be severe, because women have, so to say, as many enemies to their honour, as there are men in the world: they have in their hearts a baneful principle, which in spite of them excites ardent desire to rob them of their treasure. Public interest requires therefore, that they should have cause to dread the penalties which repress these assaults.

Public propriety, which is transgressed, and under the protection of which women must be able to walk abroad in safety, is another motive to make this a public crime. We terminate this famous and very interesting case with a copy of the verdict couched in the curious style of the time.

THIS IS THE JUDGMENT THAT WAS GIVEN.

“Whereas the Court having examined the criminal suit it had instituted, at the request of the King's Procureur Général, applicant

and prosecutor, and of Dame Françoise de Lannoy, the spouse, but separated as to goods and chattels, of Messire Claude Seguier, Knight, Lord of the Manor of Liancourt, received as intervening party on the 29th January last, on account of insults and assaults committed on her person by the servants of Dame de Gaumont, Marchioness of Tresnel, by her order and in her presence; against Messire Esprit Juvenal de Harville des Ursins, Marquis of Tresnel, first Ensign of the Men-at-arms of the King's Guard; the aforesaid Dame de Gaumont, his wife, Damoiselle Anne de Fleury, the daughter of Jacques de Fleury, Equerry, Squire of Ville-Martin; Antoine Bourcier, coachman to the said Dame de Tresnel; Pierre Fourdrain, yeoman of the said Dame de Tresnel; Jean Baptiste, native of Saint Domingo, negro, Lackey to the aforesaid Dame; Jean Betouard, surnamed Picard, Lackey to the said Messire de Tresnel; a person dressed in red, named Lartige, Chamber valet to the said Messire de Tresnel; the named Marolle, Lackey, Rubi, Jassemmin, and la Fatigue, wearing the livery of the said Messire de Tresnel, Defendants and accused; the said Bourcier, Fourdrain, surnamed la Rivière, the negro Jean Baptiste, Betouard, surnamed Picard, and Croquet, named Magni, prisoners in the Conciergerie of the Palace of Justice; and the aforesaid Dame de Tresnel, the above-named Lartige, Marolle, Rubbi, Jassemmin, la Fatigue, prisoners in the Conciergerie; the aforesaid Dame de Tresnel, the before-named Lartige, Marolle, Rubbi, Jassemmin, la Fatigue, defaulters and contumacious, and others.

All things considered; it has been decided, by the Court, without taking into account the application of the said de Harville and of Pierre Cordouan, surnamed la Rivière, of the 1st and 3rd of last February, nor of that of the 4th of the present month of March for the purpose of combined information, has declared and declares act of contumacy duly informed against the aforesaid de Gaumont, spouse of the said Harville de Tresnel, the said Marolle, Lartige, Jassemmin, Rubbi, and la Fatigue; and estimating the damages has condemned and condemns the said de Gaumont to appear in full Court, holding session, then and there on her knees, to say and declare in presence of the said de Liancourt, that, wickedly, maliciously as ill-advised, she had with intention prepense caused to be committed the insults and assaults notified in the suit, on the person of the said de Liancourt by her servants in her presence and by her

order, of which she repents and asks pardon of her; this done, has banished her for ever from the jurisdiction of the High Court of Justice; enjoins upon her to observe this sentence under pain of death, condemns her to a fine of 1500 livres towards the King; and that the said Lartige and Marolle be taken to the King's galleys, to serve there as convicts for life, declare that the goods of the said Lartige and Marolle, situated in the country and subject to confiscation, be acquired and escheated to whom they may pertain. With regard to the said Jassemin, Rubbi and la Fatigue, they are banished for three years from the City, Jurisdiction and viscounty of Paris, enjoins upon them to observe their banishment, under penalty of the King's declaration; condemns them severally to pay a fine of ten livres to the said Lord the King; and the before named Betouard, surnamed Picard, to be led and conducted to the King's galleys, there to serve as convicts during the space of nine years; further, condemns the aforesaid de Gaumont, and the said Lartige, Marolle, Betuard, surnamed Picard, Jassemin, Rubbi and la Fatigue conjointly in 30,000 livres of damages to the said Dame de Liancourt. And, after that the said Fleury de Villemartin, to that effect cited before the Court of la Tournelle, had been admonished, condemned him to contribute to the bread-fund of the prisoners of the Conciergerie of the Palace of Justice, the sum of 20 livres, with costs at his expense. And with regard to the charges against the said de Harville, Bourcier, Cordouan, surnamed la Rivière, Jean Baptiste, negro by nation, and Croquet, dismiss the charges against these parties and put them out of Court and out of the suit: orders that the prisoners be liberated from prison, and that the registry of incarceration of the said Croquet be erased and struck out of the register; the billet of imprisonment being at the prison registry was returned to him, and the costs in this matter compensated to the said de Harville, Bourcier, Cordouan, surnamed la Rivière, Jean Baptiste, the negro, and Croquet. Further condemns the said de Gaumont, the said Lartige, Marolle, Rubbi, Jassemin, la Fatigue, Betonard, surnamed Picard, jointly in all costs, even in those incurred against the said de Harville, Fleury, Bourcier, Cardouan, Jean Baptiste and Croquet: of which the said de Caumont is held to pay 30,000 livres with costs as damages. And nevertheless the said Court orders that the sum of 30,000 livres adjudged in damages and costs, shall be taken on her properties, and without her husband

being able to impede the execution of the present sentence. And the present judgment concerning the said Dame de Gaumont, the said Lartige and Marolle, shall be inscribed on a tablet, which is to be attached to a post planted in the public square of Chaumont, as also on one in the Place de Grève of this City; and the other sentences notified in *contumaciam*, and of which copies being served at the homes or residences of the said Jassemmin, Rubbi, and la Fatigue, if they have any, otherwise to be placarded on the gates of the Palace of Justice, according to rule. Done in the High Court of Justice this 13th March 1693. And pronounced against the aforesaid Bourcier Cordouan surnamed la Rivière and Jean Baptiste the negro, the 18th of said month and year."

One of the Ancients used to say, that at the public spectacles of his day, where the women assisted quite unveiled, they were protected by public propriety.

The severe justice, inflicted by Pope Sixtus V, for a much slighter insult dealt at the honour of a young girl, makes us likewise consider as a public crime the outrage committed on Madame de Liancourt.

Under this Pontificate, a lawyer from Perugia came to settle in Rome. His son fell desperately in love with a young girl of rare beauty, and belonging to a respectable family; the mother of the girl was a widow. He asked her for the hand of her daughter, but it was refused him. The mother had ambitious views and wished for her child a nobler alliance than with an advocate's son. The young man, consulting only the violence of his passion, struck upon rather a singular means to get possession of the coveted prize. He watched about and having fallen in with her in one of the streets of Rome, lifted her veil, and kissed her in spite of her will and ineffectual struggles. This took place in the presence of the mother who accompanied her, but who could not quickly enough prevent the

amorous onslaught. He thought that this favour, wrested from his mistress in public, in dishonouring her, would force her friends to hand her over to him to wife.

The mother went at once to the Pope to complain. The pope ordered that the young man should be prosecuted. The Colonnas—one of the first families in Rome—under whose protection he lived, interfered and tried to arrange a marriage, in order to silence Justice. The mother was persuaded, and the permission of the Grand Vicar of Rome obtained for the espousals. But the gaieties of the nuptial banquet were suddenly overclouded by the arrival of the Sbirri, who, under a warrant of the Governor, arrested the young husband, his father, and the mother of the bride. They were, as may be supposed, extremely uneasy. The young married pair was naturally more anxious than the others, and unable to understand why they had been thus molested.

The Governor informed the parents, that the Pope would judge the matter.

The next day, the parents went and knelt at the feet of the Pope, and pleaded that the marriage had entirely rehabilitated the honour of the young girl. The Pope ordered her to be brought before him, and that the Governor should also appear. The latter had already privately received and learnt his lesson. When they were all in the Pontifical presence his Holiness asked the parties interested in the affront whether they were satisfied? They replied unanimously that they were.

“I am very glad,” said the Pope, “that you are satisfied; but it remains to be seen if Justice also is satisfied. You are disinterested, but Justice also must be consulted.”

Then turning to the Governor he said:

"It is to you that the interests of Justice are confided, are *you* satisfied?"

The Governor replied, that Justice had not received satisfaction for the contempt the accused had shown for the sovereign authority, in offering violence to an honest girl in the open street, and that he demanded reparation. Then the Pope said:

"You may pursue until Justice has received satisfaction."

With these words, Sixtus V dismissed the party. The husband was prosecuted, and condemned to the galleys, for having violated the respect he owed to the Sovereign and to the Law of the State.

In vain did the great House of the Colonnas employ all their influence to obtain the pardon of this young man; the Pope, forgetful of the esteem and friendship that he entertained for that family, said to them:

"I do not count as my friends those who importune me to allow crimes to remain unpunished: who take the part of an audacious criminal against Law and Justice which he has transgressed. Do you not perceive the consequence of the impunity of this? A father would in vain wish to marry his daughter to a suitable husband; a young man, whose suit might not please him, would be able to marry her in spite of him, after having kissed her in the street. Such an abuse shall not exist in Rome during my pontificate."

Cardinal Colonna replied, that the crime had been atoned by the union of both parties. "But Justice," retorted the Pope, "is it satisfied? If women are not safe in the streets of Rome, they will soon no longer be so in their own homes."

Such were the reasons he gave for his inflexibility.

The culprit was rivetted to the convict's chain, on the very spot where the crime had been committed: his young

wife was so pierced with grief that she survived but a few days her husband's infamy.

The Justice of the Pope, to preserve the honour of young girls, extended even to people of low condition. A servant-maid having been sent in the night to fetch a midwife, met on her way the footman of a Roman nobleman, who after extinguishing the candle of her lantern, attempted to kiss her: she cried out, and he ran away.

Sixtus V, having been informed of this three days afterwards, sent for the Governor, and reproached him with his negligence in not having punished the offender, and ordered him to prosecute the footman, who was sentenced to be flogged the whole length of the street where he had tried to take that liberty. In France, such an action, even if it were accomplished, would be considered only as a peccadillo: but in Italy, such is the severity with which the female sex is guarded, that enterprises of this kind are looked upon as serious crimes, even among persons of low condition.

These examples prove that Sixtus V, who was a great Justiciary, considered an insult made to a woman in the street as a public crime, subject to an afflictive penalty.

Amongst a little troop of lackeys, at the gate of the Tuilleries gardens, who were boasting of having taken liberties with ladies of quality, there was one who wagered that he would have the favours willy-nilly of the first pretty woman who should come out. This unchivalrous braggart carried his insolence so far as to put his hand beneath the petticoats of a real lady who chanced to make her appearance. There was a public outcry and he was arrested. A prosecution was set on foot, and he

was sentenced to be placed in the pillory and banished for a certain period. This proves, that an insult of that kind, committed by lackeys, in a public place, is by reason of these two circumstances, considered to be a public crime. The penalty would have been still more severe had it been a servant who had been guilty of this insolence towards his mistress. Too sharp a curb cannot be put upon these servants, who hold in their hands the honour as well as the life of the mistresses they serve.

Some years later a sentence was given in the case of a woman who both in word and deed had been subjected to a violent outrage. The terms of the sentence tend to show that the Court had not considered this insult as a public crime.

We give an outline of the case:

Madame Maréchal, the wife of Mr. Jean de la Brosse-Morlai and a lady of quality, was dissatisfied with her husband's conduct, whom she suspected of infidelity: she accused a certain M. de la Busserolle of leading him astray. She reproached him with this and the quarrel was pushed so far that la Busserolle, with the consent of the husband there present, so far forgot himself, as to throw the lady on the bed which was in the room, where after rudely displacing her clothes, he treated her as one treats a child who is subjected to ignominious chastisement.

It should be observed that de Busserolle belonged to an honourable family, without being a man of quality.

The lady complained to the Parliament, the name then given to what we term the High Court of Justice and of Appeal, and the Court referred her to the Criminal-Lieutenant of Souvigny. This magistrate at once began an

enquiry into the case, but died before he was able to bring it to a conclusion. The case was then passed on to the Criminal-Lieutenant of Moulins. La Busserolle was condemned *in contumaciam* on the 31st May 1728. He was *declared to be duly attainted and found guilty of having proffered to Madame de la Brosse the insulting language mentioned in the complaint, and to having subjected her to the personal violence and ill-treatment also mentioned in the suit: in consequence, he was sentenced to the Gallies for nine years, and to be previously branded with the letters G.A.L.*

He lodged an appeal, which resulted in the following sentence being given:

“Our Court, not taking into account the demands of Madeleine Maréchal, formulated in her complaints of 21st February, 23rd and 24th March 1729, nor the opposition lodged by the said Aujay de la Busserolle against the sentences of 13th December 1726 and 10th April 1728, nor his demands which are rejected, conclude that his appeal as well as the sentence against which appeal is made are both annulled: but in emendation thereof, and in reparation of the cases mentioned in the suit, condemns the said Aujay de la Busserolle to appear before the Court of the Presidial Council of Moulins, in the presence of the aforesaid Madeleine Maréchal and of twelve persons of her own choice: and with bared head and on his knees, to say and declare that too boldly and unwisely did he use insulting language to her, and commit towards her the excesses and violence mentioned in the suit, for which he is sorry and begs pardon of the said Madeleine Maréchal: he is further forbidden even to frequent those places where may be the said Madeleine Maréchal, and he must withdraw from such places where he may perceive her, as also where she would be likely to go, or as soon as he should see her, under pain of corporal punishment; condemns him to pay her two thousand livres as damages, and all the costs, as well of the principal suits as of appeal, and of demands made by the said Madeleine Maréchal. Order that the minute and the copy of the Memoir of the said Aujay de Busserolle, signed by him, shall be withdrawn from the documents

concerning the case, and suppressed, that a memorandum to that effect shall be drawn up by the clerk of the Court. Authorizes the said Madeleine Maréchal to publish and put up wherever she may think fit, the present sentence, at the cost and expense of the said Aujay de Busserolles, and to ensure execution of the same, renders the said Aujay prisoner of the Criminal Lieutenant of Moulins. Orders that the present sentence be executed. Rendered in Parliament of Justice, this 31st of March, 1729.

The Court not having condemned the accused to an afflictive nor infamous penalty, seems to have considered his crime as a merely private offence, although the violence he had wrought interested the honour of all ladies, as well as the Nobility collectively.

Two circumstances undoubtedly, weighed in the minds of the Judges to prevent them from esteeming this offence as public. Labusserole was a friend of the husband's, and allowed to visit the house. He had not come to the place with the express intention of offering this insult to the lady. A quarrel arose; he forgot himself in the heat of his anger: the place was not a public one. The second consideration is that he was distinctly authorised to chastise the woman by her own husband; and the fact of such authorisation having been given by the husband had since been the ground of a judicial separation. No cause of separation more justifiable could be given than the unworthy sanction of the husband.

* * *

Insults offered in public places to Ladies in England are punished with severe penalties. The sex is the delight of honest people, who have the happiness to reign over their hearts. But would it not lose its empire, if Sentiment

gone, it were allowed to sink to an inferior level? Seeing that sane men pride themselves on following the amiable laws of the Fair Sex, why do the rest desire to break away? If this ratiocination appear too gallant, let it be founded on Handsomeness of Custom; let us say that the Weakness of the Sex has inspired Legislators to come to her help, and arm her against the strength of Insolence and the tyranny of Injustice.

* * *

If the scene of flagellation last recounted had the Public highway for its stage, that which we now have to describe took place in the boudoir of a lady of high quality and the mistress of a king. Mr. Robt. Douglas, the author of "the Life and Times of Mme du Barry" * throws discredit on the story and with an acumen worthy of his Scotch origin actually disproves it—to his own satisfaction. We are inclined to be more sceptical. The farce was worthy of the haughty du Barry, and after all, we believe that the victim richly deserved her beating. No men were present, consequently there was no shame; the slapping was performed in the privacy of a lady's apartment; there was therefore no public scandal. Had the Marchioness kept her tongue quiet, the story of her castigation would in all probability not have become public

* The curious reader will find his ingenious version of this business at page 240 *et seq.* under the title of *The King's Coffee Pot* (1773). The entire work is amusing, and cleverly written, to boot.

About the year 1850 a mezzotint in colours was openly sold in London for 10s 6d illustrative of the whipping of the Marchioness de Rozen based on Voltaire's anecdote.

property. But as true as it is strange, people are always most quick to make known themselves their own dishonour. Briefly related the facts are as follows:

The Marchioness of Rozen, one of the attendants of the Countess of Provence, had for some time paid assiduous court to Madame du Barry. The latter liked her much; and they became intimate friends. The Marchioness was young and handsome, and had the air of a child. This observation is necessary. The Countess did not forget to invite her to a splendid entertainment. Madame de Rozen went, but shortly after broke off all connection with her friend, or, at least, shewed her great coolness. This was probably owing to the Princess, whom she had the honour to serve, and who had severely reproached her for her attention to a female so much the subject of public censure; especially for her being noticed by the Court as being present at her entertainments.

Whatever might have been the cause, the Countess was not insensible to the change. She complained to the King, who made a jest of the matter, saying the Marchioness was but a child, for whom a rod was the fittest punishment. Madame du Barry took the King's words in the literal and most rigorous sense.

The Marchioness called on her one morning, and after they had breakfasted in a friendly manner together, the favourite invited her into her closet, as if she had something particular to tell her. That moment four lusty chambermaids seized upon the poor criminal, and throwing her clothes over her head whipt her soundly on a part of her body where, generally, naughty children only are chastised. The sufferer, smarting sorely under the indignity and boiling with rage, complained to the Sovereign, who

had nothing to reply when his mistress reminded him that she had no more than executed the sentence of his Majesty.

He ended by laughing at the affair; and Madame de Rozen, by the advice of the Duke d'Aiguillon, revisited the Countess. After some raillery on the flagellated posteriors, which confirmed the anecdote, the two friends embraced, and agreed to bury all in oblivion. Our readers will agree that both the beating and the reconciliation was the most sensible thing that could have happened.

* * *

The du Barry affair reminds us of a similar adventure that befell the Chevalier de Boufflers, and which is given on the authority of "La Chronique Scandaleuse." * The chief difference is that our Chevalier with a man's wit and courage was actually able, there and then, *to turn the table* on his tormentress and have the self-same punishment meted out to her by her own servants.

Against a certain Marchioness of the time—we see that Marchionesses play a large part in beatings, or were woman of humbler origin as severely fustigated and no records taken of their discomfiture owing to the lowness of their station?—the Chevalier had launched a biting epigram, which had succeeded in obtaining some notoriety. Some while afterwards, the great lady who had kept

* "La Chronique Scandaleuse, ou mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Génération Présente. Paris. Dans un coin d'où l'on voit tout. 1789 (in-16, tome III p. 11—13).

We remember to have seen a pair of very fine old *aquarelles* by Amédée Vignola representing this subject, the actors being attired in costume of the time.

discreetly quiet, solicited a reconciliation and invited him to seal it by his presence at her supper-table. He went, but with pistols in his pockets like a prudent man, knowing the character of his hostess. Hardly had he arrived than he was laid hold of by four stoutly-built men-servants, who, under the eyes of the Marchioness bruised that portion of his frame adjacent to the hips, with fifty well-plied strokes of the birch. He bore his punishment with stoicism until the last blow. The noble dame had hitherto had it all her own way. But the doubtful comedy now took on a complexion she had little bargained for and certainly had not foreseen.

Boufflers got up, adjusted his dress with perfect coldness, then drawing his 'shooters' from his pocket and pointing them deliberately at the now-frightened lackeys ordered them to render to their mistress that which they had just, at her commands, applied to him. There was no help but to comply. On the one hand, the lady's screams and imprecations; on the other, the cold, stern face of the outraged Chevalier, and the treacherous muzzles of his pistols that knew nothing of mis-placed sentiment... We will drop the curtain on the scene and forbear our readers unnecessary details. These may be better imagined. The Chevalier scrupulously counted the blows.... The Marchioness once dealt with and handed over to her maids, it was now the hour of the lackeys. To be brief, we may mention that they all fell under the smarting of the birch, being made to whip each other in succession. When the last blow was struck, the Chevalier saluted gracefully and walked out.

This history has been celebrated by a very clever Englishman, in a long poem entitled "The Reprisals."

The names in the poem are of course fictitious, and several little poetical licences have been taken with facts which the "Chronique Scandaleuse" hardly authorises. These faults will be forgiven for the beauty and vigour of the lines. We quote the opening only, and must refer the student to the poem itself for the rest, should he desire to see it in its entirety.

Eleven had tolled,
 The night was cold,
 And the rain it fell fast,
 As the Count de Guise,
 Exclaimed with a sneeze,
 "I'm pretty well soaked at last!"
 Soaked were his shoulders, his knees, and his toes;
 Soaked were his mantle, his doublet, his hose.
 He had gotten beside a cold in his nose;
 Yet blythe and gay was he,
 For the lady Constance,
 The fairest in France,
 Was expecting his good company
 At a snug tête-a-tête, to make love and drink tea.
 So in spite of his cold and the unpleasant weather
 The count de Guise was in very high feather.
 Through square and through lane
 He walks in the rain,
 Till he comes to a "grand Hotel;"
 To a postern he hies,
 And the entrance tries;
 First at the lock,
 Next with a knock,
 Thirdly and last with a pull at the bell,
 The wicket opes,
 And onward he gropes
 Up a stair quite as steep as a ladder of ropes;
 When a sly little page, with the slyest of grins,
 Shews a light, and observes, "Its sharp work for the shins,"

Flagellation in France.

Monsieur de Guise never heeds the remark,
 But stumbles and bungles up stairs in the dark
 And after some half-dozen bruises or more,
 At which cavaliers less well-bred would have swore
 He raises the latch of a baize covered door.
 The change from dark and gloomy night
 To sudden blaze of brilliant light,
 Bothers the brain and bewilders the sight
 'Twas so with De Guise—
 He winks,
 And he blinks,
 Rubs his eyes till he sees
 His mistress—then drops down at once on both knees
 Sure never had monarch beheld such a prize!
 On a gilded couch the lady lies,
 And bends on her lover her beaming eyes—
 With snowy brow, and snowy breast,
 Silken hair and silken vest,
 And mantle rich and rare;
 While her faithful robes contrive to show
 More of her leg than is quite “comme il faut”—
 Gems and jewels met his gaze,
 'Mid the diamond's varying rays;
 And orient pearls
 Twined in the curls,
 Hang from her dark and luxuriant hair,
 But fairer than pearls or satin I ween,
 Is the dazzling hue of that lady's skin.
 She bids the suppliant rise.
 He has scarcely time to get on his feet,
 Brush up his hair, and make himself neat,
 And say a few things, smart, pretty, and sweet,
 E'er four brawny rogues in yellow breeches
 Collar the Count and stop all his fine speeches,
 For his pistols he feels,
 But they trip up his heels,
 And spite of resistance, in spite of his squals,
 They whip off his doublets, his cloak, and his “smalls,”

"Ha, ha, Sir Count!" the Duchess cries,
 As joy and triumph light her eyes,
 "We meet as it is fit;
 Your bolt is sped,
 Your jest is dead,
 I've felt your bitterest wit.
 You little dreamt when, with sneering rail,
 You called me fair, but monstrous frail;
 That I so soon should learn the tale—
 Thine was the laugh—the victory thine,
 And Heaven, Sir Count, now sends me mine."
 Away to the bed
 He is instantly led,
 And they hold down his arms, his legs, and his head,
 While one of the dogs
 Most inhumanly flogs
 His rump, till he roars fit to waken the dead;
 And the Duchess she laughs and screams at the fun.
 Till the tears down her cheeks in streamlets run.
 At length she stays this practical joke,
 And the Count is allowed to rise.

* * *

The next incident we have to note affords a curious glimpse of Paris in its most democratic centre, we mean *Les Halles Centrales*, or head-market place. The women who ply their trades here hail from all parts of France. Their lightest reason when insulted is a heavy blow. Woe betide the woman, or man either, who has the misfortune to fall beneath the rude stinging of their tongue!

Théroigne de Méricourt was a lady who, like, for instance, Annie Besant of our own times, used her eloquence in the cause of the people and managed to make herself—misunderstood. In the present time popular misunder-

standings can always be rectified in the public journals. The orator who has failed to make himself clear at the hustings, may, within a few hours, give an account of himself and his intentions in the Press. Those days were stormier and more impetuous. The suspected one was seized at one o'clock, tried at two, and executed an hour later. We have not the slightest intention of reviewing the history of that period. The task has been done by many writers with ability and—*ad nauseam*.

We prefer to let M. Pellet who has written an admirable little monograph on this famous woman, relate the scene in his own words.

“When Théroigne appeared at ten o'clock to assist at the sitting, she was insulted by these viragos. But the handsome *Liégeoise* was not one to be easily intimidated.

“She first endeavoured to regain her influence over these women who had, no doubt, two or three years previously, been her companions in the expedition to Versailles. But, surrounded by a circle of furies, she threatened to make them, sooner or later, bite the dust.

“The ‘*tricoteuses*,’ calling her ‘Brissotine,’* seized her bodily, and while one of them lifted up her petticoats, the others whipped her naked body.”†

This summary and indecent fustigation was in the custom of the period. The street beldames had often inflicted this rude method of ready punishment on aristocratic looking women, or on nuns who had remained faithful to their professional dress. One need but refer to the numerous engravings of the period, particularly to those

* The *Conventionnel* Brissot had denounced the disorderly state of the streets, and the overbearing insolence of the mob.

† “Rapport inédit des archives,” *Révolution de Paris*, No. 201.

which illustrate nos. 74 and 99 of the *Révolutions de France et de Brabant*. As concerns Théroigne, Restif de la Bretonne, in his *Année des Dames nationales*, 1794, vol. VI, p. 3807, relating the scene on the terrace of the Feuillants, says that the beautiful *Liégeoise*, had "her bottom whipped at Saint Eustache, by the market women, because she wanted to force them to wear the tricolor cockade." It is difficult to accumulate more inaccuracies in three lines.

Théroigne, while submitting to this outrage howled with rage, in the midst of the crowd which jeered and laughed at her without pity. Her haughty pride, so masculine beneath the exterior of an elegant woman, received a cruel blow from this barbarous treatment. The fearless heroine, who had never paled at the whistling of the bullets on the 14th of July and the 10th of August, by being whipped like a child, in broad daylight, in the presence of that people for whose freedom she had devoted her life, received a shock from which her mind never recovered.

* * *

OUR DUTY IS NOW TO DEAL WITH THE FLAGELLATIONS OF RELIGION.

This subject is so extensive and has been so ably handled that no apology is needed for passing it over very rapidly. Few people would suspect Ogilvie's "Imperial English Dictionary" to be any authority on this head, and yet such is the fact. Turning up the word "flagellation" in the last edition of that useful work we find mention made of "a fanatical sect founded in Italy A.D.

1260 who maintained that flagellation was of equal virtue with baptism and the sacrament. They walked in procession with shoulders bare, and whipped themselves till the blood ran down their bodies, to obtain the mercy of God and appease his wrath against the vices of the age."

We have no room here for theological discussions. The doors of thirty thousand temples throughout Christendom are thrown open every seventh day for no other purpose. All stable error stands against a back-ground of truth. The abuses of religious flagellation become all the more serious because of the teaching intertwined so to speak in the very whips and scourges used to scar the backs and loins of the fair penitents. Chastised with the object of diminishing lascivious inclinations, the blows as a physiological necessity had the contrary effect of increasing animal heat. Hence have arisen those cases of scandal, shame, and seduction, the constant recurrence of which have astounded Society.

The danger of allowing celibate priests to whip young, unmarried girls and women, vowed to a life of chastity, is founded upon known principles of human nature. The peril for both the active and passive parties is so glaring that we wonder it was not taken into account. And yet the custom was widespread. Wherever Christianity had authority the priests were empowered to exercise flagellation on themselves, and on the skins of those under their spiritual charge. No subtle reasoning is required to conclude that the power of the birch was more often applied to the backs of the latter. It was only natural that it should be so. Far more satisfaction we believe, may be obtained in thrashing the bodies of others than of ourselves. The sight of a beloved being wriggling, twisting,

groaning and supplicating for pity cannot but be a gratifying spectacle when it is remembered that the chastisement is for the good of the soul. To spare the penitent was to spoil her. To mitigate any part of the whipping, however shameful and degrading, here, was only to lay up heavier rods for her back in another world. Christian logic prevailed as it always will prevail when it has numbers on its side—and men howled as they prayed, and charming girls and beautiful women under false notions of piety went on bearing the pain, beseeching, shrieking, pleading, consenting to shame and degradation for the greater glory of God and the Salvation of their souls. These practices have not wholly died out. In quiet cloister and secluded nunnery the same scenes are still enacted, and women still allow themselves to be deluded by this terrible imposture. Noble and high-minded creatures in most cases, how sorry are we for them, for it means sisters and daughters lost at the hearth-side, and charming gentle-souled sweethearts who would have made under normal conditions excellent mothers of our race.

Delolme says:

“The power of Confessors of disciplining their penitents, became in process of time so generally acknowledged, that it obtained even with respect to persons who made profession of the Ecclesiastical life, and superseded the laws that had been made against those who should strike an Ecclesiastic Attempts were, however, made to put a stop to these practices of Priest and Confessors; and so early as under Pope Adrian I, who was raised to the purple in the year 772 (which by the by shews that the power assumed by Confessors, was pretty ancient), a regulation was made to forbid Confessors to beat their

Penitents: *Episcopus Presbiter aut Diaconus peccantes fideles diverberare non debeant*.* But this regulation proved useless : the whole tribe of Priests, as well as the first Dignitaries of the Church, nevertheless continued to preach up the prerogatives of Confessors and the merit of flagellations ; etc."

* * *

Fathers Adriaensen and Girard were both distinguished as amateurs of the birch, applying this estimable weapon to the backs of their charges with no light hand. The scandals that their conduct occasioned, the seduction and ruin by the latter of Marie C. Cadière, and the exciting prosecution that it gave rise to, it is no part of our business to go into here.† We introduce their names here merely to state that these men were ardent advocates of the doctrine that discipline should be applied to the naked § bodies of their penitents. A long list, indeed, might easily be made of priests who have held the doctrine inculcated by Cardinal PULLUS that the nakedness of the penitent

* Whereas Bishop, Priest or Deacon ought not to thrash the faulty faithful.

† Full particulars are given in that extraordinary book *CENTURIA LIBRORUM ABSCONDITORUM* by PISANUS FRAXI; one of the most remarkable bibliographies ever printed. (Lond. 1879).

§ DR. MILLINGEN in "Curiosities of Medical Experience" says :

"In the monastic orders of both sexes, flagellation became a refined art. Flagellation was of two species, the upper and the lower; the upper inflicted upon the shoulders, the lower chiefly resorted to when females were to be fustigated. This mode was adopted, according to their assertions, from the accidents that might have happened in the upper flagellation, where the twisting lash might have injured the sensitive bosom. In addition to this device, nudity was also insisted upon." (London, 1839, page 313).

was an additional merit in the eyes of God: *Est ergo satisfactio quædam, aspera tamen, sed Deo tanto gratior quanto humilior, cum quilibet sacerdotis prostratus ad pedes se cædendum virgis exhibet nudum.** Passing over, as foreign to our immediate purpose, such holy men as St. EDMUND, Bishop of Canterbury, the Capucin Brother MATTHEW of Avignon, and BERNARDIN of Sienna, who chastised *in femoribus, clunibus, ac scapulis*,† the several women who had tempted them to carnal sin, I may, with appropriateness, note the following; ABELARD took delight in the recollection of the corrections he had given to his pupil HELOISE; the Jesuit, JOHANNES ACKERBOM, was caught whipping a young girl who had come to confess to him—*flagellabat virginem ut nudam conspiceret*; his companion, Petrus Wills, merrily followed his example—*frater, ejus socius ludendi, flagellandi, potitandi, aderat*;§ PETER GERSEN was even less discriminate—*virgines suas nudas caedebat flagris in agris. O quale speculum ac spectaculum, videre virgunculas pulcherrimasimas.*** To these I might add Fathers NUNNEZ and MALAGRIDA, who had much influence over the ladies at the courts of which they were the confessors, and used the discipline with diligence. We have yet a more

* Wherefore there is a certain bitter-sweet satisfaction, yet one that is all the more pleasant unto God as it is humiliating to man, when a penitent lying at the feet of a priest, offers his naked body to be beaten with rods.

† On thighs, buttocks and shoulder-blades.

§ He was whipping a maid, to have the opportunity of seeing her naked.—He had a brother, his companion in his amusements, his whippings and his tipplings.

** The maidens, his penitents, he would strip naked and thrash with his lash in the open fields. Oh! what a spectacle, how respectable, —to watch the well-made maids, to see the sweet little lassies!

remarkable modern instance in the Capucin Monk P. ACHAZIUS of Düren, who emulated very closely brother Cornelis, forming a kind of society of women who were foolish enough to submit to his caprices; he did not however, like Adriaensen, confine himself to flagellating them while in a state of nudity, but he satisfied his lust to the last degree. When his practices were discovered, the scandal was, by order of Napoleon, smothered as far as possible; and although the matter came afterwards before the court of Liége, it was, in deference to the families compromised, suppressed.

* * *

Achazius had not the advantage of a handsome person: "His manners were as satyr-like as his features were objectionable, and the fame of his eloquence and exemplary piety convincing."

His proceedings with one of his penitents are thus described: "As the maiden had sufficient elegant charms to awaken the appetite of the father, he proposed a spiritual exercise to her which she readily accepted. After full confession she was obliged to go on her knees to Achazius and humbly crave pardon, and then uncover herself to the waist. The father thereupon took a stout cane and beat her with it; finally he satisfied his beastly lust upon her. On leaving she had to promise to bring other women of her acquaintance to him. This she did indeed effect, beginning with some of her elder friends, mostly younger married women in order to pave the way. In the same manner they managed to drag a number of other priests into the affair. Little by little a real Adamite

flagellant club was formed, in which the most horrible things took place, and which would make us blush to write down."

* * *

One of the women, the wife of a paper-maker, who gave evidence against him, when asked how it was possible that she could have given herself up to such an ill-favoured, filthy, fellow as Achazius, replied: "That he had altogether bewitched her, so that she felt bound to him with endless attachment, and childlike without a will of her own, giving herself up to whatever he ordained; he flogged her so severely with supple birchen rods—he kept them steeped in vinegar and salt—that she was sometimes forced, under some pretext or another to keep to her bed for more than three weeks."

The other things divulged by this lady cannot be communicated, but they would have done credit to the imagination even of the author of "Justine."

Achazius's only punishment was confinement for life in a monastery. *

* * *

The Devil himself was an Amateur of flagellation, and

* We give the original for the benefit of German scholars:

„So faunisch seine Manieren, so häßlich seine Gesichtszüge waren, so überzeugend war der Ruf von seiner Beredsamkeit und exemplarischen Frömmigkeit.“

„Da die Jungfrau noch stattliche Reize genug besaß, um den Appetit des Paters zu wecken, so schlug er ihr eine Andacht vor, in die sie alsbald einging. Nach vollbrachter Beicht mußte sie vor Achazius niederknien und

keen on the business too, if the Lives of the Saints are to be credited. "Amongst the various motives that induced the evil one to pay his sinister visits to frail mortality, that of inflicting upon them a salutary, or a vexatious fustigation, is frequently recorded by the fathers and other writers. It was more especially upon the backs of saints that this castigation took place. St. Athanasius informs us that St. Anthony was frequently flagellated by the devil. St. Jerome states that St. Hilarius was often whipped in a similar manner; and he calls the devil 'a wanton gladiator,' and thus describes his modes of punishment: 'Insidit dorso ejus festivus gladiator; et latera calcibus, et cervicem flagello verberans.'* Grimalaicus, a learned divine, confirms the fact in the following passage: 'Nunumquam autem et apertâ impugnatione grassantes,

demüthig Verzeihung für ihre Sünden ersuchen, darauf sich bis an die Nieren entblößen. Der Pater nahm nun eine große Ruthe und hieb sie damit; endlich befriedigte er seine thierische Lust an ihr. Sie mußte beim Fortgehen versprechen, auch andere Frauenzimmer ihrer Bekanntschaft zu gewinnen. Dies geschah in der That; mit einigen Freundinnen von vorgerücktem Alter ward der Anfang gemacht und dadurch auch der Weg zu jüngern meist verheiratheten, gebahnt. Ebenso wußte man eine Anzahl anderer Geistlichen in die Sache zu ziehen. Allmählig bildete sich ein förmlicher Adamistischer Flagellantenkub, worin alles gräuliche getrieben ward, was niederzuschreiben wir erröthen würden."

"Derjelbe hatte sie ganz bezaubert, so daß sie mit unendlicher Neigung ihm zugethan worden und willenlos, wie ein Kind, zu allem sich hergegeben habe; mit den geweihten Ruthen, er habe sie so geschlagen, daß sie bisweilen gezwungen gewesen sei, unter irgend einem andern Vorwande über drei Wochen lang das Bett zu hüten. Die übrigen Dinge, welche die Dame angab, sind nicht mittheilbar, doch machen sie selbst der Phantasie der (sic) Autors der Justine Ehre."

* * "Then the merry ruffian seated himself on his back, belabouring his ribs with his heels and the nape of his neck with a cudgel."

*dæmones humana corpora verberant, sicut B. Antonio fecerant.** St. Francis of Assissi received a dreadful flogging from the devil the very first night he came to Rome, which caused him to quit that city forthwith." The Abbé Boileau's remarks on this circumstance savour not a little of impiety and freethinking, for he says. "It is not unlikely that, having met with a colder reception than he judged his sanctity entitled him to, he thought proper to decamp immediately, and when he returned to his convent told the above story to his brother monks." Howbeit, the Abbé Boileau is no authority, and it is to be feared that, partaking of the satirical disposition of his brother, he sacrificed piety to wit; for it is well known, beyond the power of sceptic doubts, that the aforesaid saint's assertion cannot possibly be impugned by proper believers. His power over the fiery elements was established; whereby he possessed the faculty of curing erysipelas, honoured by the appellation of St. Anthony's fire. In the like manner St. Hubert cured hydrophobia, and St. John the epilepsy.

It is, however, pleasing to know that it was not always that the beatified succumbed to these Satanic pranks. Woman's will sometimes won the day over the "old gentleman" at these bouts of birch. Many instances are recorded of the devil's being worsted in these sacrilegious amusements, as fully appears in the history of the blessed Cornelia Juliana, in whose room, one day, says her history, "the other nuns heard a prodigious noise, which turned out to be a strife she had had with the devil, whom,

* "Moreover sometimes devils attack human beings in open assault and beat them bodily, as they did to Saint Anthony."

after having laid hold of him, she fustigated most unmercifully; she, having him upon the ground, she trampled upon him with her foot, and ridiculed him in the most bitter manner (*lacerabat sarcasmis*).” This occurrence is incontrovertible, being affirmed by that learned and pious Jesuit, Bartholomew Fisen.

This partiality of devils for flagellation can most probably be attributed to their horribly jealous disposition; for it is well known that the saints took great delight in fustigating, not only those who offended them, but their most faithful votaries. Flagellation was therefore the most grateful punishment that could be inflicted to propitiate the beatified; and we have several well authenticated facts which prove that the Virgin was frequently appeased by this practice. Under the pontificate of Sextus VI, a heterodox professor of Divinity, who had written against the tabernacle and denied the Immaculate Conception, was flogged publicly by a brawny pious cordelier friar, to the great edification of the by-standers, more particularly the ladies.

The description of this operation loses materially by translation, I therefore give it in the original and have followed it with as close a rendering as is possible.

“*Apprehendens ipsum revolvit super ejus genua; erat enim valdè fortis. Elevatis itaque pannis, quia ille minister contra sanctum Dei tabernaculum locutus fuerat, cepit eum palmis percutere super quadrata tabernacula quæ erant nuda, non enim habebat femoralia vel antiphonam: et quia ipse infamare voluerat beatam Virginem, allegando forsitan Aristotelem in libro priorum, iste prædicator illum confutavit legendo in libro ejus posteriorum: de hoc autem omnes qui aderant gaudebant. Tunc exclamarit quædam devota mulier,*

dicens, 'Domine Prædicator, detis ei alios quatuor palmatus pro me; et alia postmodum dixit, ' Detis ei etiam quatuor; sicque multæ aliæ rogabant, ita quod si illarum petitionibus satisfacere voluisset, per totum diem aliud facere non potuisset.'

“Seizing him, he laid him across his knees; for he was exceedingly strong. And then lifting up his clothes, because though a minister of God he had spoken against God’s Holy Tabernacle, he began to beat him vigorously with his open hands on his sturdy buttocks (*tabernacula*), which were bare, for he had neither drawers nor clout (*antiphona*); and again, whereas he had thought good to defame the Blessed Virgin by quoting Aristotle, as it appears, in the book of the ‘*PRÆTOR ANALYTICS*’, he confuted him by reading a passage in the same writer’s book of the ‘*POSTERIOR ANALYTICS*’; and at this all present were overjoyed. Then a certain pious lady cried out, saying: ‘Sir Preacher! give him four more smacks for me’; and then presently another said, ‘Give him four more!’ and then many other ladies repeated the request again and again,—in fact so often that if he had consented to satisfy all their petitions, he would have had no time all day long to do anything else.’ *

We need not seek for similar instances of the mighty power of proper fustigation in foreign parts. The Annals of Wales record a singular instance of the kind, which

* It is very difficult to give in English exactly the force of the play upon words as in the Latin text.

happened in the year 1188, as related by Silvester Gerald, in such a circumstantial manner that the most obdurate incredulity alone could doubt the fact:

"On the other side of the river Humber," he says, "in the parish of Hoëden, lived the rector of that church, with his concubine. This concubine, one day, sat rather imprudently on the tomb of St. Osanna, sister to king Osred, which was made of wood, and raised above the ground in the shape of a seat: when she attempted to rise from that place, she stuck to the wood in such a manner that she could not be parted from it, till, in the presence of the people who flocked to see her, she had suffered her clothes to be torn from her, and had received a severe discipline on her naked body, and that too to a great effusion of blood, and with many tears and devout supplications on her part; which done, and after she had engaged to submit to further penitence, she was divinely released."

If all concubines and kept mistresses were treated in the same way, wives would soon get back their own.

In this instance, as in many others, *freedom from vulgar habiliments* appears to have been considered as acceptable to Heaven; so much so, indeed, that the state of greater or lesser nudity has been commensurate with the degree of the offence.

The Cynic philosophers of Greece, among whom Diogenes made himself most conspicuous, used to appear in public without a rag upon them. The Indian wise men, called gymnosophists, or naked sages, indulged in the same vagaries.

In more modern times, the Adamites appeared in the simple condition of our first father.

In the 13th century, a sect called *Les Turlupins* (a

denomination which appears to have been an opprobrious nickname), perambulated France, *disencumbered of vain accoutrements*; and, in 1535, some Anabaptists made an excursion in Amsterdam *in the condition in which they had quitted their baths*, for which breach of decorum the impious burgomasters had them bastinadoed.

We further read of one Friar Juniperus, a worthy Franciscan, who, according to history, "entered the town of Viterbod, and while he stood within the gate, he put his hose on his head, and his gown being tied round his neck in the shape of a load, he walked through the streets of the town, where he suffered much abuse and maltreatment from the wicked inhabitants; and, *still in the same situation*, he went to the convent of the brother, who all exclaimed against him, but he cared little for them, *so holy was the good little brother (tam sanctus fuit iste fraticellus).*"

The pranks of brother Junipe have been performed at sundry periods by various holy men. Are we not warranted in conceiving that these individuals were dæmonomaniacs? for surely the devil alone could have inspired them with such fancies, although Cardinal Damian defends the practice in the following terms, when speaking of the day of judgment: "Then shall the sun lose its lustre, the moon shall be involved in darkness; the stars shall fall from their places, and all the elements be confounded together; *of what service then will be to you those clothes and garments with which you are now covered, and which you refuse to lay aside, to submit to the exercise of penitence?*"

It must be remarked, in extenuation of these exhibitions, that they were accompanied by flagellation; which sometimes bore a close analogy to those of the Saturnalia and

Lupercalia, and the discipline of the flagellants was not always dissimilar to that of the Luperci." *

The abuses connected with monastic life have often been laid bare. Protestants, with true Christian charity, delight in nothing better than in exposing the imperfections of their brethen of the Catholic church. In a little book, the contents of which bear the appearance of truth as names and dates are given in full, it is stated that:

The greatest evil in convents, notably among the "English Nuns," is the flogging with birches on the naked body, which, as has been observed by medical men, contributes largely to the excitation of sexual desire, but which being unable to find satisfaction in a natural manner, mostly tends in cloisters to self-pollution and to homosexual vice, the girls one with another, and often even between teachers and pupils. This is no slander on the convents; many ladies, who had been educated by the nuns, have later, when they had left them and been married, divulged what takes place in the Nunneries. †

* * *

The last incident we shall attempt to notice of a religious

* Dr. J. G. Millingen, (pages 160-2 of work quoted).

† We give the original of this passage for those who may not have access to a copy of the work.

Der größte Uebelstand in den Klöstern, namentlich auch bei den englischen Fräuleins, ist das Peitschen mit der Ruthe auf den nackten Leib was, wie dies ärztlich constatirt ist, sehr viel zur Aufstachelung des geschlechtlichen Triebes beiträgt, da aber dieser auf eine natürliche Weise nicht befriedigt werden kann, reißt in den Klöstern am öftersten Selbstbefleckung und homosexuelle Unzucht der Mädchen untereinander, manchmal sogar zwischen Lehrerinnen und Schülerinnen, ein. Dies ist keine Verleumdung der Nonnenklöster, sehr viele Damen, die bei den Nonnen erzogen worden, haben später, als sie

nature in the whipping line is that connected with what was known as the Sect of the Fareinistes and which was famous for its flagellating propensities. The head and soul of this movement were two priests, the brothers Bonjour. The sect flourished towards the close of the 18th century, and created at the time much sensation. How and by what process of reasoning these gentlemen came to consider the beating of women so important we have no means of ascertaining. Certain it is that the women of their Parish were amongst their most ardent followers.

They used to meet in a barn near the church and there with little or no light beat each other in a mild sort of way. The influence gained over the female devotees was enormous, and called forth the just complaints of their neglected lords who failed to see why the home should be deserted that their wives might get their backs beaten by priests. The women went so far as to stop their spiritual pastors in the fields and implore them for chastisement on the spot.

"Good father Bonjour," they would say, "pray give us a beating! Do give us a little flagellation."

And then would come the ridiculous spectacle of a priest chasing a woman with raised clothes round an open field to chastise her after the fashion of a child!

Can human imbecility, or misguided zeal render itself more stupid! But, "tout passe; tout lasse; tout casse," runs the old French saying, and so it happened with these

heraus kamen und sich verheiratheten, daß, was in den Nonnenklöstern geschieht, verrathen.

Extract from *Pfaffenunwesen, Mönchs-scandale und Nonnenpuf*. Beitrag zur Naturgeschichte des Katholicismus und der Klöster von Lucifer Illuminator. Leipzig 1872. Gustav Schulze.

back-thumping, posterior-slashing priests. We have no wish to follow the varying fortunes of the little sect. Very few of our readers we suspect, would thank us for our pains. Suffice it to say that a fairly important and esteemed inhabitant of this little village, having proved himself particularly antagonistic to the worthy fathers' mission, died suddenly in his bed from a needle-thrust in the heart. Was it due to accident, or foul play? Tradition recordeth not. Madame Rumour's loud tongue however said "foul play," and complaints reached the Archbishop of Trevous, with the result that the one brother was exiled, and the second imprisoned in the Convent of Toulay from which he escaped to Paris. After some further adventures and peregrinations of no interest to our subject, the good fathers died at an advanced age at Lausanne in Switzerland in a state of poverty, and with them died out the flagellating sect that their heterodox brains had given birth to.

It is not in our province to offer any summing up with regard to those practices, nor do we, for one moment pretend to have touched more than the fringe of the subject. Our opinions are pretty patent, we imagine, in the text. Besides anything we could say would be feeble to the following fine outburst of Michelet, which must conclude our observations anent birching as a means of religious grace.

* * *

"What! when even in the bagnios, the law forbids to inflict stripes upon robbers, murderers, upon the most ferocious of men,---you, men of God's grace, who open your mouths but to speak of charity, *of the good holy virgin and*

of gentle Jesus, you beat women . . . what do I say, girls and children, against whom after all the only reproaches you can make are some slight weaknesses.

"How are these punishments inflicted? There may indeed be perhaps a still graver question . . . what kind of compromise may not be extorted from fear? At what price does authority sell its indulgence? . . .

"Who regulates the number of stripes? Is it you, Lady Abbess? Or is it the Father superior? . . . What must be the passionate, capricious arbitrariness of one woman over another, if the latter displeases her; of an ugly woman over a handsome one; of an old woman over a handsome one; of an old woman over a young! One dare not think of it.

"There have been superiors of convents known to have several times asked and obtained from their bishops the change of their confessor, without finding one severe enough to their fancy. There is a vast difference between the severity of a man and the cruelty of a woman. The latter is the most faithful incarnation of the devil in this world, how say you?

. . . "Like inquisitor, like jesuit? No, but it is here a jesuitess, a grand lady converted, who thinks that she was born to command, and who, in the midst of this flock of trembling women, with the air of a Bonaparte, turns to the torment of unfortunate defenceless women the rage of her ill-cured passions." *

* * *

* MICHELET, *Le Prêtre, la Femme et la Famille*, (part II, chap. 5).

FLAGELLATION IN LITERATURE.

We must not hug to ourselves the fancy that the wielding of the rod was confined solely to Religious circles. Many talented writers have also used flogging—in their works. Our object, under the present heading, is merely to call attention to a few of the more salient examples. In French, as for the matter of that, in English also, there exists quite a number of works whose principal theme is flagellation.* Brantôme, that sagacious old courtier and witty writer of broad stories, long ago drew notice to the fact that it was not exclusively amongst the pious followers of this or that heterodox mystical sect that birching obtained. Ladies of high rank were also ardent adherents of Solomon's old fashioned doctrine which in these lack-a-daisical days is going out of use, leaving in its usurped place, the brazen "cheek" of a too intelligent rising generation and a general disobedience to authority. May not this reckless disregard on the part of parents of the good, old injunction be the cause of all the loud-mouthed democracy, bombs, anarchism, and frightfully wide-spread "superfluity of naughtiness" now troubling our legislators—and Max Nordau? "Charity begins at home." So do Politics. But soft-hearted or soft-brained papas leave for the Magistrate's cat-o'-nine-tails the correction that should

* We may mention such books as "*Jupes Troussées*;" "*Les Callipyges*" (2 vols); "*La Danseuse Russe*" (3 vols); "*Mémoires de Miss Ophelia Cox*"; "*Défilé de Fesses Nues*;" "*Histoire d'un Pantalon*"; "*Correspondance d'Eulalie*" (London, 1785); "*Aphrodisiaque Externe, ou Traité du Fouet, et de ses Effets sur le Physique de l'Amour*," par DR. DOPPET (1788).

have been wrought at home years before with the birch rod.*

“Jfond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
Jfor terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mocked than feared.”

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. Act I. sc. 3.

Our author † gives a curious and quaint account of a great lady's habit of chastising her women. Mademoiselle de Limeuil, one of the Queen's maids of Honour, was flagellated for having written a pasquinade in company with all the young ladies, who had been privy to the composition. Unfortunately we are obliged to leave this

* We do not believe in flogging in the Army. It demoralises and humiliates the soldiers, whose spirits should only be humiliated by England's enemies—when the latter can of course, spell “able.” Austria abolished the “whip” in 1866. In France no corporal punishment is inflicted. In Germany the whip is used only in the prisons, but has no place in the Penal Code. In Italy, punishment of this kind was done away in 1868. The same applied to Belgium and Holland. But we *do* hold with the maintenance of the “cat” for wife-beaters, garroters, who mostly fall foul of helpless women and old or drunken men. In France, it would wipe out those two scourges of Paris the filthy-minded *souteneur*, and his confrère, the *rôdeur des barrières*. These men, who are miserable cowards at heart, like wolves generally go in packs, and fear nothing so much as a good thrashing. In this way I would also punish the violators of girls under twelve. Sir Charles Beresford thinks however that no discipline could be kept in the Naval service without these severe measures, but recommends the application only in extreme cases.

† See “*Les Sept Discours touchant les Dames Galantes*” (3 vols) du Sieur Brantôme publié sur les Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Nationale, par HENRI BOUCHOT, PARIS, 1882.

beautiful and realistic passage in the archaic and charming French. The translation of it would burn our pages, and, more important still, English Prudery would be shocked, while those most delighted to read it in their own tongue, would be amongst the first to howl us down and say, How very scandalous!"

Brantôme on another occasion tells us:

"J'ay ouy parler d'une grande Dame de par le monde, mais grandissime, qui ne se contentant de lascivité naturelle; car elle estoit grande putain, et estant mariée et veuve, aussi estoit-elle très-belle; pour la provoquer et exciter l'avantage, elle faisoit despouiller ses Dames et Filles, je dis les plus belles, et se délectoit fort à les voir, et puis elle les battoit du plat de la main sur les fesses, avec de grandes clacquades et blamuses assez rudes, et les filles, qui avoient delinqué en quelque chose, avec de bonnes verges, et alors son contentement estoit de les voir remuer, et faire les mouvements et tordions de leurs corps et fesses, lesquelles selon les coups qu'elles recevoient, en monstroient de bien estranges et plaisantes. Aucunes fois, sans les despouiller, les faisoit trousser en robbe; car pour lors elles ne portoient point de calçons, et les clacquetoit et fouettoit et sur les fesses, selon le sujet qu'elles luy donnoient, ou pour les faire rire, ou pleurer, et sur ces visions et contemplations s'y aiguisoit si bien ses appetits, qu'après elle les alloit passer bien souvent à bon escient avec quelque galant homme bien fort et robuste."

The minions of Henri III of France, and other princes, were decked in white robes; they stripped, and whipped in procession for the gratification of their royal masters. Not unfrequently the ladies themselves were the execu-

tioners in cases where any man had offended them; and the adventure of Clopinel, the poet, is worth relating. This unfortunate wight had written the following lines on the fair sex:

Toutes êtes, serez ou fûtes,
De fait ou de volonté putes;
Et qui bien vous chercherait
Toutes putes vous trouverait.

This libellous effusion naturally excited the indignation of the ladies at court, who decided that Clopinel should be flagellated by the plaintiffs without mercy; and it is difficult to say to what extent they might have carried their vengeance but for a timely witticism of the culprit, who, piteously addressing the angry yet beauteous group around him with uplifted arm and rod, humbly entreated that the first blow might be struck by the honourable damsel who felt herself the most aggrieved. It is needless to add that not a lash was inflicted.

This incident has been cleverly versified by an unknown author, and it is perhaps, worth while as it is very seldom to be met with, to give the original:

CLOPINEL.

Jean de Meun, qu'on nommait autrement Clopinel
Avait fait quelques vers contre l'honneur des femmes,
Les vers étaient sanglants; une troupe de dames,
Pour venger l'opprobre éternel
Qu'il faisait à leur sexe en les traitant d'infâmes,
Voulut en faire un châtiment,
Qui servit aux auteurs du même caractère,
D'exemple et d'avertissement.
Ces dames dans le Louvre avaient leur logement;
Clopinel, bel esprit y venait d'ordinaire;

Cela rendait la chose assez aisée à faire;
Il ne fut question que de savoir comment.
Dans ce palais était une chambre écartée,
On trouva le moyen de l'y faire venir :
Aussitôt la troupe irritée
Parut en bon état et prête à le punir.
De verges chaque dame avait une poignée.
Quelques seigneurs cachés étaient de leur complot.
Le pauvre Clopinel étant pris comme un sot,
Implora leur clémence eût recours aux prières,
Tâcha de les fléchir, fila doux, en un mot,
Tenta tous les moyens de se tirer d'affaires ;
Mais cela ne lui servit guères ;
Les dames voulaient l'étriller ;
Et toutes à l'envi dans leur colère extrême.
Disaient : Il faut le dépouiller
— Je me dépouillerai moi-même,
Leur dit-il, mais auparavant
Daignez m'accorder une grâce.
Ce n'est point le pardon, mon forfait est trop grand ;
Je suis un téméraire, un perfide, un méchant,
Je mérite votre disgrâce,
Si vous me refusez, sachez que fort souvent
Dans la fureur on se surpasse.
J'arracherai les yeux, je dévisagerai,
Plus d'une sentira les effets de ma rage.
En lion je me défendrai,
Et je mettrai tout en usage.
Les dames sur cela jugèrent à propos
D'accorder sa demande : Eh bien ! lui dirent-elles,
Nous te le promettons, et nous serons fidèles.
Qu'est-ce ? parle donc en deux mots.
— Mesdames, leur dit-il, ce que je vous demande,
Est que la plus grande putain
Qui soit dans toute votre bande,
Donne le premier coup de verges de sa main.
Les dames s'entre-regardèrent,
Pas une commencer n'osa.

Toutes, qui de çà, qui de là,
L'une après l'autre s'en allèrent:
Clopinel resta seul, et par là se sauva.

(Poésies diverses de Baraton—1704, p. 17.)

L'Abbé de Voisenon, the author of some charming, if rather free, "Fairy Tales", and the friend of Voltaire, wrote a little book called:—

"Exercices de Dévotion de M. Henri Roch avec Madame la Duchesse de Condor" which was published in 1786.

M. Querlon affirms in a Preface to this work "that it was found after decease, amongst Voisenon's papers. He composed it, some time before his end, for the amusement of Mademoiselle Huchon, his new "friend", whom he had taken as king David took Abishag, to warm up the latter days of his old age." The biographer adds that "she was a girl of great beauty; slept always at his side, and did not cease to remain—a virgin!" *

In this work, whatever its origin, we have one of the most witty delineations of well-fed piety in high position, to be met with in any language. Neglected by her husband, a rank worldling, the pious exercises of the religious-minded Duchess are directed by a friend of the family, who is also of serious tendencies. In order to curb the risings and turbulencies of the "flesh," always "warring," in the language of St. Paul "against the spirit," recourse is had to chastisement. The lady, convinced for the good of her soul by her spiritual guide that this is necessary "makes no bones" about submitting. We quote:

* As this was spoken of an Abbé, a most moral race of men, we see no reason to doubt the statement, Abbés are *not* as other men are.

"M. Henri Roch takes the discipline and the Duchesse began to intone the *Te Deum*; but, when she had finished the first verse, she cried out:—Stop! Sir, your scruples awaken mine. If you have sinned, it is I that am the cause. It is I that should punish myself; and if pleasure damns, I ought to fear being cursed, for I have tasted of a pleasure that was very delicious. I fear like you not having referred it entirely to God; I confess that while receiving your caresses, particularly when our hearts were in unison, I had certain moments of inattention, during which I did not think of God. It is through you that I obtained both pleasure and cure; it is also through you that my punishment must come: take this discipline, and scourge me! Saying this the Duchess casts herself upon an ottoman, crying:—‘Punish me, Sir, punish a woman-sinner!’

"At the sight of so many charms, M. Henri Roch fell on his knees:—I collect my thought for a moment; said he, to offer up a prayer to God, begging him to accept as an agreeable offering the holy act I am going to perform."

The performance, needless to say, leads to excesses which amply demonstrate to our minds at least, that neither devotee nor spiritual consoler had yet reached that altitude of beatification which placed them above the power of carnal dominion.

The experiences of the French philosopher Rousseau, in the field of flagellation, are so well-known that we need almost to apologise for referring to them. But as many of our readers may not have his "Confessions" within reach we give the following extract to show the peculiar effect birching had upon his physiological system, the

result of which with the clear-sightedness of a man of genius he has seen the importance of:—

“As Mademoiselle LAMBERCIER had for us the affection of a mother, she had also the same authority, which she sometimes carried so far as to inflict upon us child punishment when we had deserved it. For a long time she limited herself to threats, and this threat of a punishment quite new to me seemed very dreadful; but after its execution, I found the ordeal less terrible than the dread of it had been: and what is more strange is that this punishment endeared me still more to her who had inflicted it on me. It required indeed all the sincerity of that affection and all the natural mildness of my character to prevent my seeking, by deserving, a repetition of the same treatment; for I had found in the pain, and even in the shame, a mingling of sensuality which had left me more desire than fear of suffering it again from the same hand. It is true, that some precocious sexual instinct being mixed up therein, the same punishment if inflicted by her brother would have seemed to me to be very far from pleasant.”

Jean Jacques Rousseau, *LES CONFESSIONS* (Part I, Book I).

From philosopher to poet is but a step, and it is to a poet, and a very witty one too, that we now go. Lafontaine, as far as we are aware was no wielder of the birch himself nor have we any record that either birch or other whipping instrument, was ever applied to his nervous economy. But he knew well how to describe the operation, as he did indeed many others of a totally different character. Most well-read Englishmen are familiar in some form or other, with the charming story of “The Spectacles,” and it is therefore not necessary to repeat this

tale more than in outline. A young man of libertine propensities had obtained admission into a certain holy convent and from sundry signs and changes in the comportment of her flock, the good Lady Abbess began to suspect something amiss. So one fine morning all the ladies of the establishment were called into the great parlour of the convent, and, with properly adjusted spectacles, the saintly Mother made a rapid inspection of her nuns, finally discovering that one of them was of the masculine gender! Of course, there was a terrible hulla-baloo, and many of these sensitive damsels fainted away on the spot at the bare thought of the ravaging wolf in their fold. At a solemn conclave quickly convened and held, it was decided solemnly to whip the vile offender, who should be tied to a tree in the forest without. He is led forth and stripped of his vestments, when Fortune, whom he had so dared works a miracle! The nuns have forgotten something, I too forget what it is, and they troop back to get it. While they are away, a sturdy, good-natured miller passes with his ass. Alas, how soon was he to prove himself a greater. Naturally enough the man asks him why he is tied to the tree, and our ingenious gallant pitches a cock and bull story about being punished for refusing to accept the favours of the nuns, whom he paints in the vilest of characters. The miller laughs at the young man's supposed foolishness, declares himself ready to fulfill all their ladies' commands, and untying the prisoner, has himself attached to the tree in his place. We leave Lafontaine to continue the story in his own way:—

* * *

With shonlders broad the miller you might see,
 In Adam's birth-attire, against the tree,
 Await the coming of the aged band,
 Who soon appeared, with tapers in the hand,
 In solemn guise, and whips and scourges dire.
 The virgin troop (as convent laws require)
 In full procession moved around the wight,
 Without allowing time to catch his sight
 Or giving notice what they meant to do.
 "How now!" cried he, "Why won't you take a view?
 Deceived you are; regard me well I pray;
 I'm not the silly fool you had to-day,
 Who woman hates, and scruples seeks to raise.
 Employ but me, and soon I'll gain your praise:
 I'll wonders execute; my strength appears;
 And if I fail, at once cut off my ears.
 At certain pleasant play I'm clever found;
 But as to whips, I never was renowned."

* * *

Naturally enough, the chaste nuns are inexpressibly shocked, and his words, aggravated by reiterated and unnecessarily plain explanations, only irritate them the more.

* * *

"What means the fellow?" cried a toothless nun.
 "What would he tell us? Hast thou nothing done?
 How! art thou not our brat-begetter? Speak.
 So much the worse—on thee our rage we'll wreak.
 For him that's gone we'll make thee suffer now;
 Once arms in hand, we never will allow
 Such characters full punishment to miss:
 The play that we desire is *this* and *this*."
 Then whips and scourges round him gan to move,
 And not a little troublesome to prove.

Flagellation in France.

The miller, writhing with the poignant smart,
 Cried loudly, "I'll exert my utmost art,
 Good ladies, to perform what is your due."
 The more he bawled the faster lashes flew.
 This work so well the aged troop achieved.
 He long remembered what his skin received.

While thus the master chastisement had got,
 His mule was feeding on the verdant spot.
 But what became of this or that, at last,
 I've never heard, and care not how it passed.
 'Tis quite enough to save the young gallant,
 And more particulars we do not want.

* * *

Our next incident represents a tremendous jump. Between Zola and Lafontaine is a gulf wider than that separating the rich man and Lazarus. We have no doubt however that the "unco guid" would class *both* our authors with that naughty rich man, the company of Lazarus being relatively of quite a superior quality. Be that as it may. We do not consider their opinion worth having, as being too biased—away from our own. Most disenthralled readers of the English tongue have probably read "l'Assommoir." White-haired old Vizetelly, who had passed his life in the service of Literature, was sent to prison for eighteen months for putting it into the speech of Britons, and the *author* of it when he visited the English shores, was fêted by the City fathers. But these are details. That book contains a realistic description of a certain side of Parisian life. We have no intention of attempting an analysis of it here. Introduced into a washing-house on the borders of the Seine, we listen to the songs, "chaff" and licentious ribaldry of irresponsible females. At home one is glad to

escape a scolding; but I have noted that in Whitechapel streets when two fish-wives are indulging in a few current amenities, every one stops to drink in their edifying wrangle. Let no one imagine I am going to drag filthy language into these pages. The conversation that is going on at the wash-tub shall be left untranslated. Suffice to say that two young women after indulging in mutual recriminations concerning their private love-affairs, have got to close quarters. We quote the following passage only for its bearing on our subject and especially as showing the enormous influence flagellation exercises over a woman even when the beating is administered by one of her own sex. It should be particularly observed that the spirit of Virginie's adversary was fairly tamed and broken in by the shame of the fustigation, more than the blows she received. We cite the lines in question:

"Her face bore such a terrible expression, that no one dared approach her. Her strength seemed to have increased tenfold. She seized Virginie round the waist, bent her down and pressed her face against the flagstones; then, in spite of her struggles, she turned up her petticoats, and tore her drawers away. Raising her beetle she commenced beating as she used to beat at Plassans, on the banks of the Viorne, when her mistress washed the clothes of the garrison. The wood seemed to yield to the flesh with a damp sound. At each whack a red weal marked the white skin.

"Oh, oh!" murmured the boy Charles, opening his eyes to their full extent and gloating over the sight.

Laughter again burst forth from the lookers-on, but soon the cry, "Enough! enough!" recommenced. Gervaise heard not, neither did she tire. She examined her work,

bent over it, anxious not to leave a dry place. She wanted to see the whole of that skin beaten, covered with contusions. And she talked, seized with a ferocious gaiety, recalling a washerwoman's song, "Bang! bang! Margot at her tub—Bang! bang! beating rub-a-dub—Bang! bang! tries to wash her heart—Bang! bang bang! black with grief to part—."

And then she resumed, "That's for you, that's for your sister, that's for Lantier. When you next see them, you can give them that. Attention! I'm going to begin again. That's for Lantier, that's for your sister, that's for you. Bang! bang! Margot at her tub—Bang! bang! beating rub-a-dub—"

The others were obliged to drag Virginie from her. The tall dark girl, her face bathed in tears and purple with shame, picked up her things and hastened away. She was vanquished. Gervaise slipped on the sleeve of her jacket again, and fastened up her petticoats. Her arm pained her a good deal, and she asked Madame Boche to place her bundle of clothes on her shoulder. The door-keeper referred to the battle, spoke of her emotions, and talked of examining the young woman's person, just to see."

This extract proves two things (I) that the mind of Marchioness and washer-woman moves in parallel lines in holding, under different circumstances, that the greatest humiliation inflictible on ladies obnoxious to us is a severe slapping; (II) that neither threats, nor abusive language, nor wilful waste of words will as rapidly effect a salutary change in the sentiments, or tame the spirit of the haughtiest dame that lives, as castigation applied in the manner, and on the parts, before specified.

* * *

Our next extract deals with a case of fraternal tyranny, that we trust, for mere Humanity's sake, is uncommon.* Men who have the good luck to possess little brothers should treat them with kindness.

The book we quote from is more a study of temperament than character. It has been termed immoral; but the reproach of immorality falls to the ground when levelled at Science. Writing in that terrible book, "Thérèse Raquin," M. Emile Zola says: "*I do not know if my novel is immoral, I admit that I have never troubled myself to make it more or less chaste. What I do know is that I never for an instant dreamt of putting in it the filthinesses that moral people have discovered. Each scene have I written, even the most feverish, with the unique curiosity of the savant, and I defy my traducers to find therein a single really licentious line.*"

Paul Bonnetain has written with the same frankness. We have here, traced out for us, step by step, the terrible insidiousness and consequences of one of the most shocking forms of genital aberration to which the youth of both sexes too often abandon themselves. Written by a man, who knows the value of words, we cannot but wish that the Clergy—those professional keepers of the public conscience,—would speak out with equal impressiveness.

Eusebius, a priest who is hearing his brother recite the catechism suddenly declares that Charlot has not properly learnt the day's lesson. The youngster stoutly avers the contrary when, after some interchange of words, the elder loses patience and, like a fiend broke loose, falls foul of the little man.

* "*Charlot s'Amuse*" by PAUL BONNETAIN, Brussels. 1883.

——“ “ Ah! you won't, won't you, bad Christian! We shall see!”

“ And brother Eusebius seized Charlot beneath his arm and carried him off like a bundle. Arrived on the first floor, he opened the door of the sitting-room, and threw his burden on the floor.

“ The boy trembled, not recognizing this room into which he had never yet come and where a subdued light filtering through the venetian-blinds barely made it possible to distinguish the colour of the furniture. In the dread of an unknown punishment, his hair stood on end, his teeth chattered, and he was afraid to stir. The man locked the door, admitted a little light into the room and sat down on an easy-chair.

——“ “ Take off your trowsers!”

“ Charlot obeyed, quite pale, and feeling his legs give way beneath him. Eusebius laid hold of him again. The cheeks of the scoundrel trembled, his breath came hissing and his eyes glistened with a strange light. Slowly he passed his hands over the naked flesh of the boy, whose skin, as he still more violently trembled became mottled blue with goose-flesh; whereat, the man, disappointed as it were, felt his rage rise again. Suddenly, he seized his victim by the neck, shoved him down on his knees before him, violently holding his head between his knees; then, taking a martinet from his pocket, he began furiously to flog that white skin which maddened him, hitting harder and harder, and accompanying each blow with the broken exclamations of a paviour, never ceasing to contemplate the image of his horrible work reflected in the big looking-glass of the room.

“ At the first blows, Charlot had howled with pain, but

his cries soon died out; the brother squeezed him tighter between his legs, stifling him in a brutal and choking pressure of the knees. And panting, violet in the face, his eyes starting from their orbits, foaming, his tongue hanging out, the little martyr, under the lashing and atrocious pain, bore up his whole being against it and vibrated as each blow of the martinet descended, lacerating his flesh."

* * *

FLAGELLATION IN MEDICINE:—THE REPUTED CURATIVE POWERS OF URTICATION.

This subject has deservedly occupied at various times the attention of the medical world. The facts to be gathered under this head are very curious from several points of view. The questions involved soar somewhat beyond the common. That boys may be cured of cheek, girls of a haughty temper, and women of loud-voicedness and incipient infidelity, by the vigorous application of birchen twigs to a sensitive part of their body, is conceivable with far less effort than is necessary to administer the castigation. That a host of mysterious maladies to which flesh is heir, may be chased away by the same means requires a greater effort of the understanding. Yet to anyone possessing the elements of physiology the fact is simple enough. *

* "Quippe cum eâ de causâ capucini, multæque moniales, virorum medicorum ac piorum hominum consilio, ascetim flagellandi sursum humeros reliquerint, ut sibi nates lumbosque strient asperatis virgis, ac nodosis funiculis conscribillent." *

* Inasmuch as the Capuchins for the same reason, and many

"Flagellation as a remedy was supposed by some physicians, to reanimate the capillary or cutaneous vessels, to increase muscular energy, promote absorption and favour the necessary secretions of our nature. But an eccentric writer goes much further than this, and regards the Birch much in the same light as Dr. Sangrado looked upon cold water and bloodletting: according to him there is nothing like the Birch; it is a universal specific—it stirs up the stagnating juices, it dissolves the precipitating sources, it purifies the coagulating humours of the body, it clears the brain, purges the belly, circulates the blood, braces the nerves; in short there is nothing which the Birch will not accomplish when judiciously applied." *

Dr. Millingen, in his now almost forgotten little work already quoted, on the "Curiosities of Medical Experience," says:—

"Amongst the various moral and physical remedies introduced by priesthood and physicians for the benefit of society, flagellation once held a most distinguished rank. As a remedy, it was supposed to re-animate the torpid circulation of the capillary or cutaneous vessels, to increase muscular energy, promote absorption, and favour the necessary secretions of our nature. No doubt, in many instances, its action as a revulsive may be beneficial; and

Muns, following the advice of physicians and pious men, abandoned the ascetic practice (*ἀσκησις*) of flagellation on the shoulders, to stripe the buttocks and loins with roughened rods and scrawl them over with knotted ropes.

* "*Ubi stimulus ibi affluxus*," has been a physiological axiom since the days of Hippocrates; and flagellation thus employed is only a modification of blistering, or exciting the skin by any other irritating method. "History of the Rod," London, new edition, 1896, page 204.

urtication, or the stinging with nettles, has not unfrequently been prescribed with advantage. As a religious discipline, for such has this system of mortification been called, it has been considered as most acceptable to Heaven; so much so, indeed, that the fustigation was commensurate with the sinner's offence.

“The moral influence of flagellation in the treatment of different diseases has been appreciated by the ancients: it was strongly recommended by the disciples of Asclepiades, by Cælius Aurelianus, and since by Rhases and Valescus, in the treatment of mania. No doubt, the terror which this castigation inspires may tend materially to facilitate the management of the insane. To a late day this opinion prevailed to a revolting degree, and it was no easy matter for the humane physician to convince a keeper of the cruelty or inutility of this practice; yet seldom or never does this harsh management become necessary.

Medical men were frequently consulted as to the adoption of the upper or lower discipline, as flagellation on the shoulders was said to injure the eye-sight. It was from the fear of this accident that the lower discipline was generally adopted amongst nuns and female penitents.

In a medicinal point of view, urtication, or stinging with nettles, is a practice not sufficiently appreciated. In many instances, especially in cases of paralysis, it is more efficacious than blistering or stimulating frictions. Its effects, although perhaps less permanent, are more general and diffused over the limb. This process has been found effectual in restoring heat to the lower extremities; and a case of obstinate lethargy was cured by Corvisart by repeated urtication of the whole body. During the action

of the stimulus, the patient, who was a young man, would open his eyes and laugh, but sink again into profound sleep. However, in three weeks his perfect cure was obtained.

Flagellation draws the circulation from the centre of our system to its periphery. It has been known in a fit of ague to dispel the cold stage. Galen had observed that horse-dealers were in the habit of bringing their horses into high condition by a moderate fustigation; and therefore recommended this practice to give *embonpoint* to the lean. Antonius Musa treated a sciatica of Octavius Augustus by this process. Elidæus Paduanus recommends flagellation or urtication when the eruption of exanthematic diseases is slow in its development. Thomas Campanella records the case of a gentleman whose bowels could not be relieved without his having been previously whipped.

Irritation of the skin has been often observed to be productive of similar effects. The erotic irregularities of lepers are well authenticated; and various other cutaneous diseases, which procure the agreeable relief that scratching affords, have brought on the most pleasurable sensations. There exists a curious letter of Abelard to Heloïse, in which he says,

"Verbera quandoque dabat amor, non furor; gratia, non ira; quæ omnium unguentorum suavitatem transcenderent." *

This effect of flagellation may be easily referred to the powerful sympathy that exists between the nerves of the lower part of the spinal marrow and other organs. Artificial excitement appears in some degree natural: it is

* The stripes given were often those of love, not anger; of fondness, not of wrath. For such stripes exceeded the sweet savour of all perfumes.

observed in various animals, especially in the feline tribe. Even snails plunge into each other a bony and prickly spur that arises from their throats and which, like the sting of the wasp, frequently breaks off and is left in the wound.

There is another side of medical flagellation which is of great curiousness, but which needs treating with considerable reserve. We refer to flagellations as a means of sexual excitement. Several works have been written, all of them dealing more or less ably with the question, and all manifestly incomplete. We have in our possession a variety of documents bearing upon the matter, which we may one day publish when they have been supplemented by others and arranged in systematic order. Such a work would be addressed, of course, only to medical men and specialists. Meanwhile the following observations must be regarded as purely tentative.

Dr. Krafft Ebing, in his monumental work, "Psychopathia Sexualis" says:—

"Libido sexualis may also be induced by stimulation of the gluteal region (castigation, whipping).

"This fact is not unimportant for the understanding of certain pathological manifestations. It sometimes happens that in boys the first excitation of the sexual instinct is caused by a spanking and they are thus incited to masturbation. This should be remembered by those who have the care of children.

"On account of the dangers to which this form of punishment of children gives rise, it would be better if parents, teachers, and nurses were to avoid it entirely.

"Passive flagellation may excite sensuality, as is shown by the sects of flagellants, so widespread in the thir-

teenth and fifteenth centuries. They were accustomed to whip themselves, partly as atonement and partly to kill the flesh (in accordance with the principle of chastity promulgated by the Church,—*i.e.*, the emancipation of the soul from sensuality).

“These sects were at first favored by the Church; but, since sensuality was only excited the more by flagellation, and the fact became apparent in unpleasant occurrences, the church was finally compelled to oppose it. The following facts from the lives of the two heroines of flagellation, Maria Magdalena of Pazzi and Elizabeth of Genton, clearly show the significance of flagellation as a sexual excitant. The former, a child of distinguished parents, was a Carmelite nun in Florence (about 1580), and, by her flagellations, and, still more, through the results of them, she became quite celebrated, and is mentioned in the Annals. It was her greatest delight to have the prioress bind her hands behind her and have her whipped on the naked loins in the presence of the assembled sisters.

“But the whippings, continued from her earliest youth, quite destroyed her nervous system, and perhaps no other heroine of flagellation had so many hallucinations (“Entzückungen”). While being whipped her thoughts were of love. The inner fire threatened to consume her, and she frequently cried, “Enough! Fan no longer the flame that consumes me. This is not the death I long for, it comes with all too much pleasure and delight.” Thus it continued. But the spirit of impurity wove the most sensual, lascivious fancies, and she was several times near losing her chastity.

“It was the same with Elizabeth of Genton. As a result

of whipping she actually passed into a state of bacchanalian madness. As a rule, she rested when, excited by unusual flagellation, she believed herself united with her "ideal." This condition was so exquisitely pleasant to her that she would frequently cry out, "O love, O eternal love, O love, O you creatures! cry out with me, love, love!"

The celebrated Jean Pic de la Mirandole relates of one of his intimate acquaintances that he was an insatiable fellow, but so lazy and incapable of love that he was practically impotent until he had been roughly handled. The more he tried to satisfy his desire, the heavier the blows he needed, and he could not attain his ends until he had been whipped until the blood came. For this purpose he had a suitable whip made, which was placed in vinegar the day before using it. He would give this to his companion, and on bended knees beg her not to spare him, but to strike blows with it, the heavier the better. The good Count thought this singular man found the pleasure of love in this punishment. While in other respects he was not a bad man, he understood and hated his weakness." *

* Vivit adhuc homo mihi notus prodigiosæ lididinis et inauditæ: nam ad Venerem nunquam accenditur nisi vapulet. Et tamen scelus id ita cogitat: saevientes ita plagas desiderat, ut increpet verberantem, si cum eo lentius egerit, haud compos plene voti, nisi eruperit sanguis, et innocentes artus hominis nocentissimi violentior scutica desœverit. Efflagitat miser hanc operam summis precibus ab ea semper faemina quam adit, præbetque flagellum, pridie sibi ad id officii aceti infusione duratum, et supplex a meretrice verberari postulat: a qua quanto caeditur durius, eo ferventius incalescit, et pari passu ad voluptatem doloremque contendit. Unus inventus homo qui corporeas delicias inter cruciatus inveniat; et cum alioquin pessimus non sit, morbum suum agnoscit et odit.

Coelius Rhodigin relates a similar story, as does also the celebrated jurist, Andreas Tiraquell. In the time of the skilful physician, Otten Brunfelsen, there lived in Munich, then the Capital of the Bavarian Electorate, a debauchee who could never perform his [sexual] purposes without a severe preparatory beating. Thomas Barthelin also knew a Venetian, who had to be beaten and driven before he could have intercourse,—just as Cupid himself moved reluctantly driven by his followers with sprays of hyacinth. A few years ago there was in Lübeck a cheese-monger, living on Mill Street, who, on a complaint to the authorities of unfaithfulness, was ordered to leave the city. The prostitute with whom he had been went to the judges and begged in his behalf, telling how difficult all intercourse had become for him. He could do nothing until he had been mercilessly beaten. At first the fellow, from shame and to avoid disgrace, would not confess, but after earnest questioning he could not deny it. There is said to have been a man in the Netherlands who was similarly incapable, and could do nothing without blows. On the decree of the authorities, however, he was not only removed from his position, but also properly punished. A credible friend, a physician in an important city of the kingdom, told me, on July 14th, last year, how a woman of bad character had told a companion, who had been in the hospital a short time before, that she, with another woman of like character, had been sent to the woods by a man who followed them there, cut rods for them, and then exposed his *nates*, commanding them to belabour him well. This they did. It is easy to conclude what he then did with them. Not only men have been excited and inflamed to lasciviousness, but also women,

that they too might experience greater intensity of pleasure. For this reason the Roman woman had herself whipped and beaten by the *luperci*. Thus Juvenal (Sat II. 142) writes:—

* Steriles moriuntur, et illis
Turgida non prodest condita pyxide Lyde,
Nec prodest agili palmas præbere Luperco." *

The Marquis de Roure in his very interesting and useful work, "Analectabiblion" † notices three remarkable books which have made in their time no little stir. We copy the titles of these works just as the Marquis cites them.

DE USU FLAGRORUM IN RE MEDICA ET VENERI,

Lumborumque et renum officio, Thomi Bartholomi, Joannis—Henrici et Meibomii patris, Henrici Meibomii filii. Accedunt de eodem renum officio Joachimi Olhasii et Olaï Wormii dissertaliunculæ. Francofurti, ex bibliopolio Daniel Paulli, 1670 (1 vol. pet. in-8vo de 144 pages, pap. fin) (*Rare*).

DE L'UTILITÉ DE LA FLAGELLATION,

Dans les plaisirs du mariage et dans la médecine, traduit de Meibomius, par Mercier de Compiègne, avec le texte, des notes, des additions et figures. Paris (J. Girouard), 1792, in-16. 1 vol. in-16 pap. vélin. (peu commun.)

* They die barren; and neither bloated Lydé with her drug box avails them aught, nor yet to hold out their hands to the leaping Luperus [Priest of Pan].

† The further title is "Ou Extraits Critiques de divers livres rares, oubliés ou peu connus tirés du Cabinet du Marquis de R***" Paris. Techener 1835 (2 vols); Vol. II page 316 et seq.

TRAITÉ DU FOUET, ET DE SES EFFETS
MORAUX SUR LE PHYSIQUE DE L'AMOUR OU
APHRODISIAQUE EXTERNE.

Ouvrage médico-philosophique, suivi d'une dissertation sur les moyens d'exciter aux plaisirs de l'amour, par D*** (Doppet), médecin, 1788, 1 vol. in-18 de 108 pages, plus 18 feuillets préliminaires.

HISTOIRE DES FLAGELLANS.

Où l'on fait voir le bon et le mauvais usage des Flagellations parmi les chrétiens, par des preuves tirées de l'Ecriture Sainte, etc., trad. du latin de M. l'abbé Boileau, docteur de Sorbonne (par l'abbé Granet). Amsterd., chez Henri Gauzet, 1722. (1 vol. in—12) (1670—1732—88—92.)

The first-named work has been translated into English and reprinted more than once. How *Meibomius* came to write it is rather curious. According to the Marquis de Roure it was in 1639 at a dinner given at Lübeck, in the house of Martin Gerdesius, a Counsellor of the Duke of Holstein, that the subject of conversation turned upon whipping as a medical cure, when it was spoken of as ridiculous and absurd. Amongst the guests were Christian Cassius, Bishop of Lübeck, and the celebrated doctor, John Henry Meibomius of Helmstadt. "*It is not so ridiculous as that,*" said Meibomius, "*and I will prove it to you.*" Meibomius kept the word thus pledged in the midst of a convivial assembly and the curious treatise dedicated to his friend, the Bishop of Lübeck, and destined only for the eyes of a few friends was, at first, printed without the author's knowledge.

The little book is at once learned and clever. The

authorities cited, or referred to, show a vast amount of patient research. A number of facts, some of them very cynical, are systematised and complete evidence given, demonstrating the powerfulness of flagellation applied to the lumbar region, either to dissipate cerebral vapours, excite to the generative act, or (and this appears more wonderful than all the rest) give plumpness to worn-out human bodies. We are unable to give more than a very bare idea of a most remarkable work. It was well that Meibomius wrote in Latin, or the prudery of even those robust times might have received a shock. He calls "a spade, a spade" without the least fear, and sometimes a big "spade" to boot. But the work is not pornographic, except as dealing with a naturally porcine subject. The learned doctor sought to substantiate his thesis, and that is all.

Dr. Doppet's treatise, on "External Aphrodisiacs" is a work of different calibre to that of Meibomius. The Marquis de Roure is of opinion that the luckless wight who should be so ill-advised as to try any of the excitants recommended, would incur great risks of ruining his health. The work contains a whole pharmacopœia of the most active drugs known. Amongst much of a libidinous and grossly satirical character there runs a thread of clever observation that entitles the author to be regarded less as a man of Science than as a man-of-the-world. His experiences appear to have been very varied and his position as a medical man often necessitated his visiting houses of prostitution. In one of these places he was present at a quaint scene. With the quotation of this passage, we take leave of Dr. Doppet, as also of his curious book.

"I was witness of a very singular spectacle, and which but too well proves that lust goes far beyond reason. Being in Paris, I was summoned to give my professional care to one of the ladies belonging to a seraglio of the Rue Saint-Honoré, and who was the victim of one of those accidents incidental to her profession. Being in her chamber, I heard a noise in the adjoining room, from which rose the voice of a woman much angered and even menacing. The woman with whom I was did not even give me time to question her upon what was going forward next door, but in a hushed voice entreated me to remain silent, and gently lifting up the ends of some tapestry hangings, she placed me before a little opening, through which I had the opportunity of seeing the most amusing and also the most ridiculous of spectacles. This is the scene that passed and which, it appeared, was repeated twice a week. The principal actress was a fine looking brunette who was but half dressed, that is to say, that she showed openly her breast, her thighs, and her rump. The other parts were occupied by four old men with solemn wigs, the costume, the attitude and the grimaces of whom forced me every moment to bite my lips in order that I should not burst out laughing. These aged libertines were playing, as sometimes their children may do, the game of *the schoolmaster*. The girl, a birch in hand, gave to each of them in turn a smart correction; the one who received the sharpest punishment was he whose organisation was the most sluggish. The culprits, during the correction, devotedly kissed the arse of their mistress, while her lovely arm was at last quite tired with whipping their libidinous carcasses; and the game ceased only when it was useless to longer fatigue exhausted

nature. When everybody had gone, I left my post of observation without being quite convinced of the reality of what I had seen. My patient was much amused at my surprise, and related to me many more ridiculous facts which were of daily occurrence in their *Convent*. We have, she said, the custom of the most important men in Paris, and these girls have the honour to flog the most illustrious members of the clergy, of the bar, and of the financial world."

The "History of the Flagellants" by the Abbé Boileau is quite a different kind of book and well worthy of attention. Written in exceptionally good Latin of the style of Plautus, it saw the light about 1700 and has been translated into both French and English. Although it was described as "a work of saintly obscenity" by the abbé Irailh in his "Recueil de Querelles Littéraires," it is really nothing of the sort. The abbé Irailh's adjectives spring from anger and bias, and supply another sample of "odium theologicum." On its appearance, the work caused great excitement amongst the monks and theologians, and above all, amongst the Jesuits, either on account of the Jansenist opinions imputed to Boileau, or because of that deplorable predilection the Jesuits have always had for *the lower form of correction*.

Father Cerceau and the indefatigable controversialist, Jean-Baptiste Thiers, showed themselves the most cruel, on this occasion against Boileau. On their side also, the monks and the nuns who had made up their mind absolutely to flagellate themselves down to the very calves of their legs* singing, in unison, the Miserere, raised a

* Ad vitulos.

tremendous noise. But as no convincing refutation of the Abbé's book appeared, we conclude that none was possible. The marquis de Roure considers Boileau's work superior to that of Meibomius, but he ought to have borne in mind that each runs on far different lines, and approaches the subject from vastly different standpoints. Boileau, in ten chapters traces the history of voluntary flagellation from its origin to his own times, under all its forms and for whatever motives, as an unworthy custom born of Paganism and fostered by Debauchery. In the education of children it corrupts the master, and perverts the pupil. Quintilian reproved the practice. As a punishment inflicted on slaves and heretics it wounded decency and favoured cruelty; as a means of self mortification, it is the most dangerous of lacerations, because it excites the flesh while seeking to repress it; and, as a form of penitence, associates ridicule with scandal. Is it not fine to see Father Girard whipping, under the pretence of discipline, the beautiful Cadière, as a beginning of carnal satisfaction, and *that* on the grounds that similar liberties had been taken, without harm or attaint to their chastity, by Saint Edmund, Bernard of Sienna, and by the Capucine, Matthew of Avignon? How many unknown father Girards has not the practice produced against one Saint Bernard who came through the fire scatheless? How many unknown women have lost their chastity, and what numbers of nameless girls their honour, because Dame Nature proved stronger than the inventions of man, will never be ascertained. To judge from Human Nature, which is after all everywhere the same potent traitor, Christian flagellation has nothing to boast of over that of the voluptuous Lupercalia of old Rome, and as regards the number of fair

devotees chastised, we must have had, esteems the Marquis, quite as many women compromised as the Romans.

* * *

In Continental houses of pleasure, it appears, to judge from the revelations made by writers who seem to have a full knowledge of the subject, that flagellation is resorted to at the present day by confirmed debauchees to quicken their waning powers, or perhaps, worse still, in the hopes of recreating sexual force that has long given place to bitter regrets. A literary friend has been good enough to cull a few extracts for us, and we give the same without comment.

“Alas! all these gentlemen do not possess the sense that is fitting at their age. Some of them have desires entirely out of season. These wrecks are exacting and their partners must bend to the yoke, deeming themselves happy when nothing is too much out of the usual groove.

But the profits are considerable for those who submit to the heavy rule of unnatural wishes and their reputation grows apace.

People come from obscure provincial towns to visit them, and they are asked to leave home in return for a heavy subsidy for travelling expenses.

They alone know the art of wielding the whip, the rod, the long strap furnished with sharp points, and other instruments of frenzied enjoyment.

And they become rich rapidly, these women who consent to play the part of sworn tormentor, and lend themselves less easily to that of victim. To sum up, it is a known fact that a lady of this kind possessed a fortune of more than three hundred thousand francs.

Well-earned money, when we reflect that the lovers of torture do not always practise upon themselves.

"Recently, a law-suit (we are always obliged to turn to judicial sources when wishing to tell true stories) revealed the weird fantasies of a sportsman. This individual possessed as mistress a charming girl who sought only in love, if not in purity, at least the simple satisfaction of the senses. It appears that the gentleman needed peculiar excitement, which he obtained in making his sweetheart, in primitive attire, gallop round the bedroom, while he forced the pace with a horsewhip.

This went on until one day when the excitement failed to arise, the sportsman administered such a thrashing to the poor girl that she remained senseless on the floor."

.

"One of these good old fellows was slave to a passion which was as peculiar in its manifestation as it was ignoble at bottom.

The woman who had to satisfy him, received a new pair of boots at each of his visits. The couple, divested of all clothing, played 'ride-a-cock horse' all round the room, the woman astride the old man's back, spurring him by sturdy blows in the ribs." *

"Their most frequent device was that of flagellation with special instruments resembling the knout in their form; some are slaves to their lechery and allow themselves to be flogged. We can only deplore this mania, which harms but themselves; but what can be said of wretches who do not scruple to force defence-

* Jules Davray.--*L'armée du Vice*, Paris, J. B. Ferreyrol, 1890, 12mo, plates.

less unfortunate girls to submit to these abominable practices?" *

... "Some of them, utterly exhausted, need stimulation, such as pricking with pins or strokes of the cat-o'nine-tails, strange excitement which, nevertheless, will produce a result—of some kind or another." †

"On the 14th of August 1891, the Tenth Chamber of the *Tribunal Correctionnel* of Paris gave judgment in the Bloch case. We find that Bloch had allowed a woman named Marchand, 40 years of age, to procure for him four women, Goude, 24 years old, Matté, 22 and Lys and Brion, respectively 19 and 20. He was in the habit of taking all the girls into a room and using every kind of obscene artifice to procure enjoyment. It seemed to be a difficult task and was only attained by means of torture. Brion's evidence of her first introduction to him was, he made her kneel before him and taking pins from a bowl, stuck about a hundred of them in her breasts and all over her to a depth of about two centimeters. Then, folding a handkerchief in triangular shape he fixed it on her breast and shoulders with about twenty pins, the point between the breasts, and pulled violently at it. He next tore off bunches of hair with his fingers from her private parts, pinched severely her nipples, and flagellated her body with a *martinet*. Finally, after having thus tortured her several hours and having forced her to bear a smile on her countenance, he consummated a sexual connection.

* Jules Davray.—*L'amour à Paris*, Paris, J. B. Ferreyrol, 1890, 12mo, plates.

† Pierre Delcourt.—*Le Vice à Paris*. Alphonse Piajet, 1887, 12mo, plates.

"The medical evidence was rather against this story as it was proved she had returned ten times to see Bloch. The other girls had met with the same treatment, but Lys although acknowledging that Bloch had pricked her with pins and whipped her with a martinet, had not hurt her.

"The guilty parties were let off easily; this woman Marchand, one year's imprisonment, and Bloch, six months.*

"Some in order to prepare for the venereal act are absolutely forced to let themselves be fustigated, often with the most extreme violence. There is no aristocratic *lupanar* that does not possess special rods for this flagellation. Others wish to beat the woman with whom they mount to the bedroom. There are for this class inoffensive stuffed sticks in the style of those used by circus clowns. The female is not hurt, but the client has the illusion of having beaten her. A few of these monomaniacs are not satisfied with being whipped till the blood comes, but they ask to have long silver pins stuck in the skin of the *scrotum*. We have also been told that many ask the woman, expert in all these horrors, to make slight incisions in their flesh with a penknife." †

We may add in conclusion that there exists in the French language a number of charming little poems on the subject of flagellation as an aphrodisiac, and we quote two or three of them for those who read this language. It would require a far cleverer pen than ours to do them into English without destroying their delicacy and finesse.

* Gazette des Tribunaux, Aug. 15, 1891.

† Leo Taxil, *La Prostitution Contemporaine*. Paris, Librairie Populaire. n. d. (1883?) 8vo. plates.

L'AMOUR FOUETTE.

(Poème).

Loin de ces prisons redoutables,
Où Pluton aux ombres coupables
Fait sentir son juste courroux,
Il est dans les enfers des asiles plus doux,
Là, des myrtes touffus forment de verts ombrages,
Qui n'ont rien des horreurs de l'éternelle nuit.
Des ruisseaux y coulent sans bruit,
Des pavots languissants couronnent leurs rivages.
On voit parmi les fleurs qui parent ce séjour
Hyacinthe et Narcisse et cent autres encore
Qui, sujets autrefois de redoutable amour,
Ont passé sous les lois de Flore.
Dans les sombres détours de ces paisibles lieux
Plusieurs amants dont la mémoire
Doit vivre à jamais dans l'histoire,
S'occupent encore de leurs feux.
L'ambitieuse imprudente
Qui voulut voir Jupiter
Armé de la foudre éclatante
Rappelle ce plaisir qui lui coûta si cher,
La jeune amante de Céphale.
En soupirant pour ce vainqueur,
Chérit cette flèche fatale
Dont il lui perça le cœur,
Héro, d'une main tremblante,
Tient la lampe étincelante
Qui lui servit seulement
A voir périr son amant.
Ariane roule, en colère,
Ce fil, triste instrument d'un horrible attentat,
Trop malheureux, hélas, d'avoir trahi son père,
Pour n'obliger qu'un ingrat.
Phèdre chancelante et confuse
Baigne mais trop tard de ses pleurs
L'écrit où sa main accuse
De trop criminelles ardeurs.

Moins coupables cent fois et plus à craindre qu'elle,
 Et Didon et Thisbé vont se frapper le sein :
 D'un perfide ennemi, l'une a le fer en main,
 L'autre, celui d'un amant trop fidèle.
 De leurs douleurs l'amour voulut être témoin,
 De couvrir son carquois il avait pris le soin.
 Les arbres épais d'un bocage,
 L'ombre discrète d'un nuage
 Adoucirent en vain l'éclat de son flambeau,
 On reconnut soudain cet ennemi nouveau
 On l'entoura, et la troupe rebelle
 Lui préparait des tourments inhumains.
 L'amour ne bat plus que d'une aile,
 Il se soutient à peine et tombe entre leurs mains.
 Pour désarmer ces juges implacables,
 En vain l'amour verse des pleurs,
 On enchaîne ces mains qui portent dans les cœurs
 Des coups inévitables
 Attaché sur un myrte, en proie à leurs fureurs,
 Il va de mille morts éprouver les horreurs.
 Partout des clameurs menaçantes
 Ont étouffé ses plaintes languissantes.
 L'une l'effraye avec ce fer sanglant
 Qui finit de ces jours les déplorables restes.
 L'autre avec le débris encore étincelant
 D'un bûcher, de sa mort théâtre trop funeste.
 De ces pleurs endurcis par le pouvoir des dieux
 Myrrha fait contre lui de redoutables armes.
 Leur poids va l'accabler : pauvre amour, ses alarmes
 Ne puniront que toi de son crime odieux.
 L'amour veut invoquer sa mère
 Et par ses pleurs et par ses cris :
 Vient-elle à son secours ? non, Vénus en colère
 Insulte encore aux tourments de son fils.
 " Ah, dit-elle, à son tour qu'il éprouve ma rage.
 Je n'ai que trop souffert de cet audacieux.
 Des filets de Vulcain, des ris malins des dieux
 Je n'ai pas oublié l'outrage :

C'est Vénus en courroux qui menace: tremblez."
 Sa main s'arme aussitôt d'un gros bouquet de roses
 De leurs boutons à peine écloses:
 Déjà sous ses coups redoublés,
 D'une main, hélas trop sûre,
 Le sang rejaillit et couvre la verdure
 Qui pare l'immortel séjour:
 Arrêtez, déesse irritée,
 S'écrie avec transport la troupe épouvantée.
 Lorsque nous respirions le jour,
 Une planète infortunée
 Fit nos malheurs, ce ne fut pas l'amour. *

Equally ravishing is another poem called *l'Examen de Flora*, which, although almost bordering on libertinism, forms quite a little treatise on flagellation as a luxury. Words deemed too coarse, we have indicated by their initial letter only.

EXAMEN DE FLORA.

"Flora,
 Le vieux plus que le jeune aime à polissonner,
 Parfois il lui suffit de voir, de patiner,
 De poser sur la m une brûlante lèvre:
 Il satisfait ainsi son amoureuse fièvre.
 Mais souvent, par malheur, tous ces attouchements,
 L'aspect de ces appas jeunes, frais et charmants,
 Ces formes en tous sens trop longtemps regardées,
 Dans son crâne embrasé font germer des idées,
 C'est en ce moment-là, pour le mettre en état,
 Et pouvoir arriver à quelque résultat,
 Qu'il faut de son métier connaître les ronerics,
 Et n'être pas novice en polissonnerics.
 Dans les bsoignés, il est un instrument,
 Qui pour un pareil cas sert admirablement:

* "Nouveau choix de pièces de poésies," par Danchet, la Haye, 1715, t. Ier, p. 74.

Ce sont tout simplement deux très fortes ficelles
 Qu'en lui noue en passant par dessous les aisselles.
 On le tient quelque temps suspendu dans les airs
 Alors, pour l'exciter et lui raidir les nerfs;
 Tantôt on fait glisser sur ses c pendantes
 De la plume de paon les barbes irritantes,
 Tantôt avec le doigt, fourré profondément,
 On cherche à stimuler les chairs du fondement.
 Des pieds on lui chatouille artistement la plante,
 On fait une omelette et dès qu'elle est brûlante,
 On l'applique aussitôt sur son vieux c ridé
 Si son V . . impuissant n'a pas encore b
 Malgré tous les moyens qui lui viennent en aide,
 Comme à tous les grands maux il faut un grand remède,
 On saisit un paquet de verges à deux mains,
 On fustige le vieux sur la chute des reins
 La douleur qu'il éprouve est quelquefois bien grande
 Mais il ne se plaint pas, il est heureux, il b
 On le décroche alors, on le met sur un lit
 Pendant longtemps encore on lui branle le V . .
 A force d'agiter cet antique viscère,
 On en tire à la fin quelques gouttes d'eau claire.
 Il est vrai que le corps par mille excès usé,
 Demeure anéanti, moulu, rompu, brisé.
 Qu'il est sans voix, sans souffle, et qu'un bon rhumatisme
 Est fort souvent, hélas, le prix de son cynisme.
 Mais lorsque nous avons rempli notre devoir
 Et fait de notre mieux, nous n'avons plus à voir
 De quel mauvais côté se tourne la médaille
 Qu'on amène un sapin et que le vieux s'en aille." *

In a small work, now extremely rare, there are some details connecting flagellation with the theatre, from which it would appear that private (for we can hardly believe them to have been public) scenes of this nature were

* Parnasse satyrique du XIX^{me} siècle.

enacted. We give the really curious title of the book in question, and follow same by a short extract.

LES COUTUMES THÉÂTRALES

ou

SCÈNES SECRÈTES DES FOYERS

PETIT RECUEIL

En contes un peu plus que gaillards, ornés de couplets
analogues

Dédiées aux gens des deux sexes qui se destinent au
Théâtre.

Que dire à cet essai sans plus de conséquence,
Qu'hélas? bien fou serait celui qui mal y pense

A HELIOFOUTROPOLIS

De l'Imprimerie de Crispinaille, à la Matricule,

1793.

“ Une verge tombant sur le cul d'un miché,
Sait provoquer, exciter la décharge,
Et dans un c . . . fut-il même très large,
Lui faire commettre un bien joli péché.
Sans plus tard, troussiez-vous donc beau sire,
Recevez de ma main cette correction,
Qui de vos sens augmentent le délire
Vous instruisse à foutrailler un c”

Her linen flouting the wind, a birch bundle in her fist,
she smites with double strokes the fleshy buttocks of
the poor confectioner, and stopping now and then, she
began once more to explain:

"Apprends cher bon ami, que les coups vigoureux
 Te rendront plus sensibles aux plaisirs amoureux.
 Ceux dont la nature trop lente
 Ne peut satisfaire une amante;
 Par quelques coups de verges appliqués fortement
 Se portent au combat plus vigoureusement.
 Quel beau cul! Ah! dieux, je suis contente!
 Viens maintenant satisfaire une amante,
 Jettons-nous sur le lit, dans le sein du plaisir,
 De tes douleurs passées perdons le souvenir."

In THOMAS SHADWELL'S play *The Virtuoso*, act IV, there is a scene of a similar nature. The old libertine, *Snarl*, who comes to be flogged, is asked by the girl: "I wonder that should please you so much that pleases me so little?" He replies: "I was so us'd to 't at *Westminster-School*, I cou'd never leave it off since." OTWAY, in his *Venice Preserved*, act III, scene I, has illustrated this propensity. The servile senator, ANTONIO, visits his mistress, Aquilina, to "have a game at romp", and desires her to spit in his face. He plays the part of a dog, and gets under the table, begging her to use him like a dog, to kick him, etc.; until the courtesan fetches a whip and flogs him out of the room. The following epigram of KIT MARLOWE* is to the point:

When Francus comes to solace with his whore,
 He sends for rods and strips himself stark naked;
 For his lust sleeps, and will not rise before
 By whipping of the wench it be awaked.
 I envy him not, but wish I had the power,
 To make myself his wench but one half hour.

* WORKS OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, LONDON, 1826, vol. 3, p. 454.

That the executioner, writes P. L. Courier whether male or female, not unfrequently finds pleasure in administering castigation, or in witnessing its infliction, even to one of his or her own sex, there can be no doubt, as this opinion has been expressed by numerous authors.

The following small poems must complete the collection :—

LA DISCIPLINE.

CONTE.

Une femme se confessa,
Le confesseur à la sourdine
Derrière l'autel la troussa
Pour lui donner la discipline,
L'époux non loin de là caché
De miséricorde touché,
Offrit pour elle dos et fesses.
Le femme y consentit d'abord :
Je sens, dit-elle, ma faiblesse,
Mon mari sans doute est plus fort,
Sus donc, mon père, touchez fort,
Car je suis grande pécheresse.*

LE FOUET.

A l'âge de douze ans, pour certain grave cas
Que je sais, et ne dirai pas,
Lise du fouet fut menacée.
A sa maman, justement courroucée
Lise répondit fièrement :
Vous avez tout lieu de vous plaindre,
Mais pour le fouet tout doucement,
Je suis d'âge à l'aimer, et non pas à le craindre.†

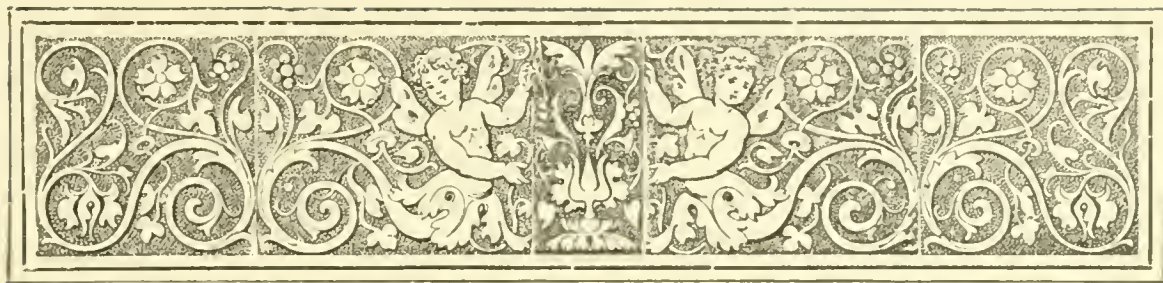
* Bernard de La Monnoie.

† Joujou des demoiselles.

L'AMOUR FOUETTÉ

Jupiter, prête-moi ta foudre,
S'écria Lycoris un jour :
Donne, que je réduise en poudre,
Le Temple où j'ai connu l'Amour,
Alcide, que ne suis-je armée
De ta massue et de tes traits,
Pour venger la terre alarmée,
Et punir un dieu que je hais.
Médée, enseigne-moi l'usage
De tes plus noirs enchantements,
Formons pour lui quelque breuvage
Égal au poison des Amans.
Ah, si dans ma fureur extrême
Je tenois ce monstre odieux, . . .
Le voilà, lui dit l'Amour même,
Qui soudain parut à ses yeux.
Venge-toi, punis si tu l'oses,
Interdite à ce prompt retour,
Elle prit un bouquet de roses
Pour donner le fouet à l'Amour.
On dit même que la bergère
Dans ses bras n'osant le presser,
En frappant d'une main légère,
Craignoit encor de le blesser. *

* M. Bernard, Trésor du Parnasse, Londres, 1770, tome V, p. 255.



CONJUGAL CORRECTION.

WHEREIN THE QUESTION IS DISCUSSED WHETHER MEN SHALL
BEAT THEIR WIVES.

FEW subjects are more important than that of correction in the domestic circle. In these "hot, piping times" of the "Modern Woman's" unpleasant assertiveness; of "Advanced Education for Females"; of the gradual usurpation by women of public functions hitherto discharged by men, we believe that the discussion of this question will excite general interest. There has long been a growing feeling in the masculine bosom that a crisis is fast approaching. The worst of it is that hitherto there has appeared no way of escape. Argue with the modern "blue stocking", and you are lost. Her tongue moves with far greater celerity than can yours, and her naturally logical mind, sharpened by the "Higher Education", will smash your arguments to atoms. Use sarcasm, and she will reply with sneer. Employ invective, and she will launch at you the vocabulary of a Xantippe. If you threaten her with force, she will retaliate with defiant boast about the law. Resort to tears cunningly evoked, and her heart steeled to hardness by the doctrines of

Stuart Mill, will laugh you to scorn. The "modern woman" in brief, has absolutely "no fear of man before her eyes." From her breast have gone out all sparks of womanly pity, as well as all feeling of respect. Not only has she artfully prevailed upon man to maintain her, but, what is far worse, she now ousts him from the public service, and puts him to "open shame." For the last five decades men have been silently groaning under a slowly accumulative load of suffering, and looking anxiously about him for a way of salvation.

In vain has he tried all possible ways and means. Each effort has proved fruitless, and his "last state worse than the first." Like "a dog who returns to his vomit, or a pig to his wallowing in the mire," he has been forced to go back and submit to his tormentress, and acknowledge again the supremacy of the female tyrant.

The preceding remarks apply of course only to the hapless mortal saddled with an educated virago. The lot of the man blessed with a stupid mate of the slow-going, old-fashioned, breeding school is vastly different.

Jeremy Taylor finely exclaimed: "A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man, his angel and minister of graces innumerable, his gem of many virtues, his casket of jewels. Her voice is sweet music; her smiles his brightest day; her kiss the guardian of his innocence; her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry his surest wealth; her economy his safest steward; her lips his faithful counsellors; her bosom the softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessing on his head." We may add that her material virtues are as serious as the more ethereal.

His high-breasted partner knows only one concern, to bear children, show her cooking capacities and keep her husband warm on winter nights. When it pleases him to get drunk she is solicitous that he should meet with no accident; when, for a moment he may forget the "wife of his bosom;" and turns his eyes unto "strange flesh", she winks at his offences, knowing that her superior charms will presently win him back. Does he desire to try the strength of his muscles in the absence of men, she bears his blows with resignation, and even feels grateful at such demonstrations of real affection.* For abuse she returns smiles, and measures the depth of her lord's love by the frequency of his chastisement. As these words may seem strange to those people who have not had the advantage of being brought up in a well-regulated home, we subjoin an extract from letters written by a young English wife to her husband. They were communicated to us by the gentleman who received them from his spouse while absent from home.

FROM A YOUNG MARRIED ENGLISH WOMAN.

.... I authorise you to ask me to do *all* you wish, even if, as you say, it may be humiliating for me, as I understand and should very much like, I think, to taste the pleasure of perfect docility in love, a thing

* Alphonse Daudet has graphically portrayed a scene of this kind in his "Sapho." We cite the passage because unreflecting people may fancy that our remarks are meant humorously;—"Et puis le bouquet du bain! Depuis le temps que tu vivais avec un honnête homme.... ça t'a semblé bon, hein?.... Avez-vous dû vous en fourrer de ces caresses.... Ah! saleté!.... tiens...."

"Elle vit venir le coup sans l'éviter, le reçut en pleine figure, puis avec un grouement sourd de douleur, de joie, de victoire, elle sauta sur lui, l'empoigna à pleins bras: 'M'ami, m'ami.... tu m'aimes encore....' et ils roulèrent ensemble sur le lit."

quite new to me, because generally, in ordinary life, docility and submission are unknown to me. But with you, I should be happy to bend to all your caprices, to execute your orders, to violate all laws of pudicity, to let myself be caressed as you will and to give you back afterwards caress upon caress, to intoxicate myself with your presence, to roll myself in your arms, to let myself be whipped, pinched and bitten even, if you wish. Yes, one may *enjoy* by this feeling of exquisite slavery, and I should experience great happiness to be in bonds before you. I can realise the strange feeling of suffering with its latent pleasure, which I believe is the only voluptuousness that I should care for.

.... I am happy in forcing myself not to revolt when you flog me with your riding whip, and the voluntary violence that I use to keep quiet in order to please you, troubles me deliciously....

.... I try and force myself to be submissive and obedient. I promise never to sulk or to be vexed, however exacting you may be, and to hide nothing of what I may think or feel. I feel that not one of the caresses that you order me to execute or that you bid me to submit to is repulsive to me, especially as I am sure to please you in lending myself to your voluptuous caprices.

.... Your presence procures me a sensation of sweet intoxication, heightened by the authoritative caresses of the husband and master I love and to whom I abandon myself entirely without resistance or *arrière-pensée*, suppressing joyfully all my own desires and my personality in the face of his will and his strength....

I will never revolt again to begin with. I will voluntarily and lovingly submit to your caresses and may perhaps, I confess, disobey on purpose to make you punish me and treat me roughly so as to feel your manly strength overwhelm me, bending me, feeble and weak, to be fastened up and punished....

I like you to press me tightly in your arms and hurt me and shake me. I love to feel your strength.

.... Adored master, use and abuse my entire and inexhaustible good will. Humiliate, tease, lower me and I am happy. I am proud to understand your ideas, because I love you and I wish to continue to learn more of this passionate devotion, that finds only happiness in the voluntary annihilation of self, in the moral and physical degradation of a woman by the man she loves and to whom she belongs body and soul.

.... It is stupid and commonplace to be loved by a man who feels obliged to do all your bidding and is thus a slave to woman's will. If you were to submit to my caprices and not know how to domineer over me and force me to accept your ideas and tastes, I should despise you and should feel no regret in being unfaithful, because you would not be a husband for me, but a sort of mechanical nonentity without a mind, without moral force and consequently unworthy of all love.

.... I love to make you punish me for refusing to obey. My pleasure is to revolt a little now and again to force you to be severe, to put you out of temper and then obtain my pardon by my obedience. Forgive me, I told you I would never revolt again. But this is not real rebellion. Of that you know I am incapable.

English wives, we know, are generally said to possess a monopoly of patience and submission. This is not strictly correct. French married ladies, noted so much for their pride and spirit, may also be thoroughly tamed and rendered obedient, when their yoke-fellow possesses a stronger will. We have seen many instances of this. Following is an extract from the letter of a highly virtuous French widow, who was corresponding with a gentleman with a view to marriage:—

FRENCH WIDOW'S LETTER.

"You speak of corrections; I am convinced that few women have had to undergo more corrections than have I, and I do not doubt for one moment that there are many slaves who have felt and undergone less often than I the punishment of the whip.

"I have no need to add for the rest, that it is by bodily corrections and by these only that a woman can attain to that degree of submission and humility which will render her as humble and submissive as a slave, and, even then, this woman must be of a lively imagination and impassioned nature.

"In this case the woman accepts the yoke with joy and knows how to gladly stoop to it, being accustomed to humble herself before the

man she loves, she will each day humble herself more and more, and that which to certain women would be an insupportable existence, becomes to her on the contrary a life of enjoyment, for both spirit and nerves; she gives herself up entirely, she has made the sacrifice of herself, she really belongs body and soul to her master, husband or lover.

"I know my character and temperament, I could not love a feeble man, a man who did not know how to rule over me, to subjugate me entirely.

"As I had the honour to inform you, my husband often flogged me, but nearly always with a hunting-whip, or a martinet, or else with a riding-whip or even with a cord. I need not tell you that in order to receive these bodily corrections I used to strip myself stark naked, as he said. These punishments he inflicted on every part of my body without exception, and I sometimes bore the traces for more than a fortnight.

"I habitually went on my knees, or prostrated my face to the floor.

"But before commencing the castigation, he used, to employ his own expression, *to make up my face*, that is to say, he began by smacking it vigorously, and pulling and pinching my ears till the blood came.

"During the whole time of the correction, I used to take pride in not uttering a single cry, or complaint, and this exasperated him.

"I was sometimes covered with blood, and I was all in a fever, but a few caresses would make all well again."

We give the original text of this letter, in the event of any person doubting its genuineness.

"Vous parlez de corrections; peu de femmes, j'en suis persuadée, n'ont eu à en supporter autant que moi, et je ne doute pas un seul instant que bien des esclaves ont senti et subi moins souvent que moi des corrections par le fouet.

"Pour le surplus, je n'ai pas besoin d'ajouter que c'est par les corrections corporelles et seulement par les corrections corporelles qu'une femme atteindra ce degré de soumission et d'humilité qui la rend aussi soumise et aussi humble qu'une esclave, et encore faut-il que cette femme soit une cérébrale, une passionnée.

"En ce cas, la femme accepte avec jouissance le joug et sait s'y plier avec bonheur, habituée à s'humilier devant l'homme aimé, elle

s'humiliera toujours davantage et ce qui pour certaines femmes serait une vie insupportable devient au contraire pour elle une existence de jouissance, pour l'esprit et les nerfs, elle se donne toute entière, elle a fait le sacrifice de son moi, âme et corps elle appartient réellement à son maître, mari ou amant.

"Je connais mon caractère et mon tempérament, je n'aimerais pas un homme faible, un homme qui ne saurait pas me dominer, me dompter toute entière.

"Comme j'ai eu l'honneur de vous le dire, mon mari me flagellait souvent, mais presque toujours au fouet de chasse, ou au martinet, ou à la cravache ou encore avec une corde. Je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire, que pour recevoir ces corrections corporelles, je me mettais absolument nue, à poil, comme il disait, les corrections m'étaient infligées sur toutes les parties du corps sans exception; souvent pendant plus de 15 jours j'en portais les traces.

"Habituellement je me mettais à genoux ou prosternée, face contre le plancher.

"Mais avant de commencer la correction proprement dite, il me faisait, pour me servir de son expression 'la face.' C'est-à-dire qu'il commençait par me giffler d'importance, et par me tirer et me frotter les oreilles jusqu'au sang.

"Pendant toute la durée de la correction, je mettais mon amour-propre à ne point pousser un seul cri, ni une seule plainte et souvent cela l'horripilait.

"Souvent il me mettait en sang, j'en avais la fièvre, mais sous quelques caresses cela passait."

* * *

There are of course, instances where the lady, spoiled by Nature in the making, usurps her husband's punitive rights and, instead of quietly submitting herself to the husband's rod, endeavours to apply, o Sacrilege! corporal castigation to her married lord. Can any enormity be greater; any crime more contrary to Biblical precept and common-sense? On taking up *Le Petit Parisien* for November 30th last, the following paragraph met our astonished gaze: -

A BADLY ASSORTED PAIR.

"No two beings can be more ill-assorted than the married couple P... While the husband, a commercial clerk, is of weakly constitution and of timid disposition, his spouse, on the contrary, is a florid-faced matron, richly developed in form, with a loud voice and a quick hand, although, and perhaps because, she was accustomed to wield the washerwoman's beetle.

"If P... happened to come home a little late at meal times, his wife would kick up a row, which invariably ended by his coming in for a more or less severe leathering.

"The unhappy wight had in the beginning vainly endeavoured to rebel against these encroachments of his better half upon his prerogatives, but she, after two or three regular pugilistic engagements, remained mistress of the situation of which she took abominable advantage.

"Augustus P... had several times deserted the marital abode. But these escapades never lasted very long, for his wife always succeeded in finding out his retreat and in carrying him triumphantly home again.

"Yesterday, after another domestic shindy, P... again abandoned the conjugal roof, and resolved this time not to return to the sweets of married life; he determined, not only figuratively but in deed, to "smash the windows." *

"After having given himself up to copious libations in the neighbourhood, Augustus P... was run in at Vaugirard, where he was found throwing stones into the glass windows of a urinal (!)

* "*Casser les vitres*," to smash the windows, is a popular Parisian expression, synonymus with the English: "to smash every thing, to play the devil," etc.

"Taken to the nearest police-station, our commercial clerk narrated his long martyrdom, terminating with an eloquent plea to be locked up.

" 'I implore you,' said he to the commissary who was questioning him, 'send me to jail; it is for me the only means of being quit of my wife.'

" But the latter was not slow in discovering the intentions of her husband, when she came to claim him at the police-station.

" The offence was not a grave one, and the damage having been paid, P... was released. The magistrate however advised the washerwoman to treat her husband in future with more forbearance."

" Will she keep her promise? "

* * *

Epoux mal assortis. Rien de plus dissemblable que les époux P.. Alors que le mari, un employé de commerce, est d'un tempérament maladif et d'un naturel timide, sa femme, au contraire, est une matrone au visage coloré, aux formes opulentes, au verbe haut et à la main légère, bien qu'habituée à manier le battoir de la blanchisseuse.

Auguste P... rentre-t-il avec quelque retard à l'heure du repas, sa femme lui fait une scène, laquelle se termine invariablement par une correction plus ou moins dure.

Le malheureux, dans les premiers temps, avait vainement tenté de réagir contre les empiétements de sa moitié, qui, après plusieurs pugilats en règle, était restée maîtresse de la situation et en abusait étrangement.

À diverses reprises, Auguste P... déserta le toit conjugal. Mais ces escapades ne furent jamais de longue durée, car sa femme parvint chaque fois à découvrir sa retraite et le ramena au logis.

Hier, à la suite d'une scène nouvelle, P... abandonnait de nouveau le domicile conjugal, et, bien décidé à ne pas reprendre la vie commune, se décidait, non point au figuré, à "casser les vitres."

Après s'être livré à des libations copieuses dans le voisinage,

Auguste P... était arrêté place de Vaugirard, alors qu'il jetait des pierres dans les vitres d'une vespasienne.

Conduit au poste de police voisin, l'employé de commerce raconta son long martyre et termina par un éloquent plaidoyer :

— Je vous en supplie ! disait-il au commissaire qui l'interrogeait, envoyez-moi au Dépôt ; c'est pour moi le seul moyen d'être débarrassé de ma femme.

Mais celle-ci ne tarda pas à connaître les intentions de son mari, qu'elle vint réclamer au poste.

Le délit n'étant pas grave et la " casse " étant payée, P... a été remis en liberté. Le magistrat a toutefois engagé la blanchisseuse à traiter son mari avec plus de ménagements.

Tiendra-t-elle sa promesse ?

In discussing conjugal correction, we lay claim to no originality. The subject is as old as our first parents. The witty author of the *History of the Rod* says very justly, " If we are to accept the Rabbinical interpretation of the account of the fall of man, flagellation as domestic discipline commenced in the garden of Eden, and the mother of all mankind was the first to apply the Rod. The rabbis declare that when Adam pleaded that the woman gave him of the tree and he did eat, he means that she gave it him palpably—that, in fact, she laid it on so energetically that he was forced to give in, and "*did eat*" under compulsion; and many ladies, we know, have followed her example and assumed a right to correct their husbands. Butler, in his "*Hudibras*," gives notable instance :

" Did not a certain Lady whip
Of late her husband's own Lordship ?
And, though a Grandee of the House,
Clawed him with fundamental blows,
Tied him stark=naked to a bed=post
And firked his hide as if sh'had rid post ;
And after, in the Sessions Court,
Where whipping's judged, had honour for't."

The noble person thus alluded to was Lord Munson, who lived at Bury St. Edmunds, and was one of the King's judges. To shew her disapprobation of his conduct in changing his political principles, his lady, with the assistance of her maids, tied him to a bedpost, and gave him a flagellation till he promised to behave better in future; and for this salutary discipline Lady Munson received thanks in open court.

On the other hand, the majority of lawgivers have been extraordinarily liberal towards men in the question of domestic discipline. The case has often been argued whether a man may honourably fustigate his wife, and the point has usually been settled that his right to do so depends on the behaviour and temper of the wife. Steele remarks in the *Spectator* that there are undeniably perverse jades that fall to men's lot with whom it requires more than common proficiency in philosophy to be able to live. When they are joined to men of warm spirits without temper or learning, they are frequently corrected with stripes. It has been argued that woman was created to be the helpmeet of man, to be his ministering angel, and to be good, quiet, and orderly, and when she is really such she readily submits to the authority of her husband, and is perfectly docile under his government. When however, she is the opposite of all this, there is need for the Rod, and she must be dealt with according to the advice of the poet.

Thou wilt be constrained her head to punch,
And let not thine eye then spare her:
Grasp the first weapon that comes to hand,
Morse=whip, or cudgel, or walking stick.

Or batter her well with the warming pan ;
Dread not to fling her down on the earth,
Serve well thine arm, let thy heart be stout
As iron, as brass, or stone, or steel."

Or the advice of the Roman oracle given in such a case may be followed with advantage. A man had a wife full of bad temper. He went to consult the oracle, and asked what should be done with a garment which had moths in it. "*Dust it,*" replied the oracle. "And," added the man, "I have a wife who is full of her nasty little tempers, should not she be treated in a similar manner?" "To be sure," was the reply, "DUST HER DAILY."

Were the sage advice of the old "oracle" more generally adopted to-day, wives would not only enjoy better health, but there would be fewer marital escapades. Women like children have need of correction, and what lovelier sight than to see the woman adored on her knees before us begging not to be whipped? The birch rod would prevent divorce. We find in the *London Examiner* for October 11, 1856, quite a recent illustration of the right of chastising wives. It is there stated: "A very large number of wife-beating cases have recently been brought before the magistrates of Whitehaven, where there exists a sect of professing Christians, who propagate the opinion that the practice is in accordance with the word of God. The Rev. Geo. Bird, formerly rector of Cumberworth, near Hadderfield, has established himself there, and drawn together a congregation, and within the last few weeks it has transpired he holds the doctrine that it is perfectly scriptural for a man to beat his wife. About six weeks ago, James Scott, a member of Mr. Bird's congregation,

was summoned by his wife for brutally beating her, because she refused to attend the same place of worship that he did. When before the magistrates, Mrs. Scott said she had no wish that her husband should be punished, if he would promise not to use her badly again. When asked by the magistrates whether he would make the requisite promise, he refused, saying. 'Am I to obey the laws of God or the laws of man?' As he would not give the promise, the magistrates committed him to prison for a month, with hard labour. The Rev. Mr. Bird has since delivered a course of lectures on the subject of Scott's conviction. He contends that it is a man's duty to rule his own household; and if his wife refuse to obey his orders, he is justified, according to the law of God, in beating her in order to enforce obedience."

We must mention the case of a clergyman living in London, who, "gave correction of a schoolboy to his servant maid;" and who, when sued at Westminster, made an eloquent defence, asserting his right to do what he had done. He likewise appealed to the public "in print concerning the lawfulness of the flagellation he inflicted."

Some stupid people, we are fully aware, will regard our observations as extravagant, and even fantastic. Others, more sensible, will recognise that our reasonings are governed by logic and permeated with philanthropic motives. We go further and assert that all English history as well as present and experience substantiate the doctrine of "the proper government of a man's own wife." It has been pointed out that "among other rights which the husband possessed over his wife, during the whole Anglo-Saxon period in this country, was that of beating her." The civil law allowed the husband, for some misdemeanours,

flagellis et fustibus acriter verberare uxorem, for others only *modicam castigationem adhibere*.* “But,” says Blackstone in his Commentaries, “with us, in the politer reign of Charles II., this power of correction began to be doubted, and a wife may now have security of the peace against her husband. Yet the lower rank of people, who were always fond of the old common law, still claim and exert their ancient privilege.” Authorities are not agreed as to what constituted a “moderate castigation,” or the instrument wherewith it was to be inflicted. A Welsh law fixes as a proper allowance “Three blows with a broomstick on any part of the person except the head:” and another fixes the size of the stick at the length of the husband’s arm, and the thickness of his middle finger. Another says a man may lawfully correct his wife with a stick no bigger than his thumb. A man used to tell his wife that, though a husband might not by law beat his spouse with a stick of a certain size, he might safely do so with a switch or with his hand. Some men, not inclined to be severe, used to restrict the size of the thickness of the rod to the little finger. On one of the seats of the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, at Stratford-on-Avon, is a carving representing a husband administering somewhat more than *modicam castigationem* to his wife, who figures in a very novel and uncomfortable position.

Where the right to correct his wife is neglected by a husband, what is more natural than that the necessary correction should be administered by others? When a woman is left to her own devices, she often developes

* With whips and cudgels to thrash his wife severely,—to apply moderate chastisement.

much ill-humour and a proudness of spirit that only personal beating will drive out of her. Nature has appointed the husband for this office; but, if he neglect his duty, and it be undertaken by others, no hypocritical outcry must be raised on the score of impropriety. Boys who have not been corrected at home, fall often in after life under the magistrates' cat-o'-nine-tails. Girls, grown up to young-womanhood become castaways, when a little wholesome birching at home would have saved their erring feet. The Marchioness of Tresnel was indecently beaten on the King's high-way, when the castigation that should have curbed her haughty spirit could have well been effected years earlier by her lawful husband. There is a good story told of the Linlithgow shoemaking boys, but we do not vouch for its truth. Linlithgow, in Scotland, is famed as a seat of the boot and shoe manufacture, at which trade a large number of apprentices were at one time employed. A number of the lads were parish children, and many of them were well disciplined by their mistresses in the orthodox fashion; indeed, the ladies of Linlithgow were adepts at using the strap: one buxom dame in particular was so good at it that she could untruss and polish off half a dozen of her husband's apprentices in less than ten minutes! Others of the Linlithgow ladies were also adepts at flogging. After a time some of the boys began to object to being so often laid over their mistresses' knees. They occasionally met together, and murmured their complaints to each other, determining that some day they would have a great revenge, and so they had. Four of the masters, it was known, were to proceed on a particular occasion to Edinburgh, on business; and as these were just the men whose lads were oftenest licked by the

mistress, the day in question was chosen as the day of revenge. At a given moment the mistresses of the ill-used boys were seized, each in her own house, and being made ready by willing hands, were treated to a dose of the "oil of strap," as flogging was then called, each lad laying on a few stripes with all his might. Dire threats of retribution were uttered, but when it was found, upon inquiry, that more than one mistress had suffered a similar fate, prudence dictated silence, and it was not till some time after the event that the masters came to know how their apprentices had served their wives while they were absent at Edinburgh. A similar story is told of some weaver boys of Kilmarnock. The mistresses in that town, we believe, were always greater floggers than the masters, and were constantly having the 'prentices over their knees for even very slight offences.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are no advocates for general and indiscriminate birching. The time, we hope, will never come, when the boy shall birch his mother, the father his daughter-in-law, and the brother his sister, or maiden aunt. There are circumstances when such action is admissible, but they do not often occur. We tremble to think what dreadful accidents might occur if universal flogging were to come into vogue. Fortunately the law has taken such eventualities into consideration. "A straw-plait manufacturer at a village in Bedfordshire, who had been in the habit of whipping females in his employment, was upon one occasion, much to his astonishment, sentenced to *six months' imprisonment* for indecently birching a girl who was in his service. We were recently told a story of a *parish girl* who obtained a coronet through being whipped by her mistress, a lady's shoemaker.

The girl had been sent to wait upon a lady of rank with some ball shoes, and had behaved so awkwardly in fitting them that the lady was greatly offended. She sent her son with a note to the shop threatening to withdraw her custom, which so incensed the girl's mistress that she began to punish her before the astonished messenger had time to withdraw. The boy being struck with the hitherto hidden charms of the girl there and then revealed, sent her to be educated, and afterwards made her his wife; and the husband succeeding to a title she became a COUNTESS!" Mistresses once had the right, no longer used in these degenerate days, to chastise their woman-folk.

The girls employed by milliners, mantle makers, stay makers, straw bonnet makers, and in other kinds of work-rooms were all liable to the Rod, and many of them were severely birched during their periods of apprenticeship. A fashionable milliner in Pall Mall, who had a very large establishment, was noted a hundred years ago for her severity as a mistress. She had learned how to use the Rod whilst living in Paris as an abigail in a family of rank.

The chastisement of young females may, however, be carried too far. The sadistic practices revealed by the notable *Defert* case may still be present in the minds of those who were living in France in the days of the Third Napoleon. So extraordinary was this affair, and of such peculiar atrocity, that the account of the trial reads more like a chapter of *Justine*, than anything which could really have happened in the present century. On the 3rd of December, 1859, NICOLAS and ROSE DEFERT, man and wife, inhabiting the village of "Ripont, canton de Ville-sur-Tourbe," were tried before the "Cour d'Assises de la Marne," and condemned to "*travaux forcés à perpétuité*,"

for flogging and otherwise barbarously ill-treating their daughter, Adeline, 17 years of age.

We translate from LA PRESSE of 17th Dec. 1859.

"Each day, morning and evening Adeline was flogged on the naked loins and thighs with a martinet. On some occasions even her father suspended her by the wrists to the ceiling, and, in that situation, after lifting up her clothes, administered strokes of the martinet on every part of her body.

Finally, one evening, in the month of March, the accused took her into a bakehouse at the back of the kitchen, there attached her solidly by means of ropes to a bench, her breast and belly being fixed against the wood; he then took from a fire-pan, which he had prepared, some burning charcoal, and passing them along his daughter's legs, burned them here and there, renewing the charcoal as the pieces became extinguished. He had already burned her in the neck by the same means...

The following morning she was again tied down to the bench, flagellated with the martinet; and, this first torture ended, her mother entered, armed with a stick, round one of which was enrolled a rag soaked in nitric acid, and with this sort of sponge, she slowly bathed the sores resulting from the burns of the previous day.

Not only were the open sores flagellated with a martinet, but her bleeding flesh was also beaten with a little board spiked with nails. The following day this torture was inflicted on her; worse still, her mother burned the right cheek of her back-side by holding lighted matches to it until they were entirely consumed; after which she poured nitric acid upon the wounds...

Defert used to address the grossest and most cynical speeches to his daughter; and, in significant conversations, had endeavoured to initiate her into an order of ideas which he ought to have carefully hidden from her. He had even attempted certain touchings of her person; but the revelations of Adeline went no further, she refusing to give more explanation on the subject. At all events it is certain that her mother had been fully informed by her of all that had taken place.

However, she was destined to suffer a new outrage and a fresh torture. One evening, in the month of April, her brothers having gone to bed, the accused made her strip to the loins in the kitchen, and when she was thus half naked, she was put down on her back on the floor; one of her feet was tied to a table, the other to the handle of a door: her legs in this position being lifted up and apart. Her father then introduced forcibly into her sexual organs a piece of wood which he maintained there during several minutes; the mother assisted her husband and helped him to prepare this crime. The piece of wood, a stick of elder, was found. The doctor had been able to note the strange disorders caused by this barbarous act to the organ. He had suspected the cause of it, by the very reason of the ravages he had observed. The avowals of Adeline, finally explained his conjectures."

For the information of virtuous English readers who horror-stricken by these details of diabolism, may, in their haste, imagine that such acts of cruelty are peculiar to the French, we cite the following London case reported by Pisanus Fraxi in **Centuria Librorum Absconditorum** (page 463): —

The case of Mrs. BROWNRIGG of Fleur-de-luce Court, London, will be too familiar to my readers to need any details; suffice it to mention that she was executed at Tyburn, in 1767, for the murder of her apprentice, MARY CLIFFORD, who had died of the effects of the inhuman treatment which she had received at the hands of her mistress. A writer of the time was bold enough to print an apology for this wretched female, and to argue in defence of excessive fustigations on all occasions.* I extract a few of his remarks which have special reference to the matter in hand, and from which it would appear that the whipping of apprentices was very general in that day:—

I have thought (observes this cynical writer) I should do a good Work to my fellow-citizens and to the Public if I could establish the following propositions:

First. — That Mrs. Brownrigg did not suffer in consequence of merely whipping with severity her faulty apprentices.

Secondly. — That the death of Mary Clifford, following on her punishment, has nothing in it which should deter Parents, Guardians, Masters and Mistresses, Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses, from using all the modes of correction, which the good old customs of this country allow, and by which the peace and order of this community are chiefly maintained.

First. — It is evident to any man of sense that Mrs. Brownrigg was the victim of her own imprudence. She might have whipt her apprentices all she did, and even more, and attracted no public notice whatever, if she had only fed them well, lodged them commodiously, treated them with general kindness, when not correcting them, and, before all, paying due and proper attention to the healing of their sores and their general health. Her neglect of their bodies after whipping is positively surprising. If not from humanity, yet even for the gratification of her own taste, one would imagine that she would prefer to have clean and fresh skin to flog, rather than corrupt and ulcerated flesh: it is quite unexcusable. In all well-ordered Seminaries the bottoms are dressed as regularly and as neatly as

* MRS. BROWNRIGG'S CASE FAIRLY CONSIDERED.
Addressed to the Citizens of London by ONE OF THEMSELVES, London
MDCCLXVII.

the pupils. When the Rogue has been flayed at the Cart's-arse, or the soldier sacrificed at the triangle, he receives the best medical assistance to promote his recovery. A good Master or Mistress will have Rags and Ointment ready as Rods, and although it may be sometimes necessary to return to a Back or Backside, before the marks of a former flogging have disappeared (else a sore bottom would be an excuse for any fault), yet the repeated punishment should always be followed by redoubled care. The evidence of the surgeon of the hospital, to which Mary Clifford was conveyed, was to the effect "that the wounds she had received at the whippings, *for want of proper care*, occasioned her death." There is no reason to believe but that, if she had been humanely and skilfully attended to after her six whippings, she would have been as well as ever: though no doubt, six successive whippings in one day are sharp practice; yet on this point we can form no opinion till we know the amount of each whipping, and the separate provocations: the whole may not have been three dozen lashes, and we remember, in our school-experience, seeing a lad, now an Alderman of this City, horsed ten different times till he confessed that he had told a lie: he perhaps owes it to those ten successive whippings that he has been so honest a man ever since: but he was three days in the hands of the Doctors, and looked very rueful, when he returned to school. MARY JONES, another prentice girl, seems to have been none the worse for her punishments, the mode of which was both convenient and ingenious, and will certainly be adopted in many households, when they come to hear of it.

Two chairs were laid down on the kitchen-floor in such a manner that one supported the other: the girl was then fastened tight on their backs, either naked or with her clothes over her head, and received her allowance.

The conduct too of the jury in the case of JOHN BROWNRIGG proves that they did not connect the death of Mary Clifford with the whippings she had got. For this young man, either from pleasure in the sport or out of affection to his mother (who was much beloved by her fifteen children, though she probably did not spare the Rod in bringing them up), took a large and frequent part in the chastisement of the prentices, and was nevertheless acquitted of the charge of murder. He had several times flogged MARY MITCHELL with great

gusto—tying her up to a staple on one occasion stark naked, for stealing some chestnuts, and using the horsewhip vigorously; nor did he pay less attention to Mary Clifford, whipping her, one day, till he was quite tired, for not putting up a bed, and, another time, when his mother's strength was quite exhausted, topping up the punishment with twenty cuts.

All this would, I am convinced, have been set down to the lot of workhouse-girls who had fallen upon a hard family and were being taught the means of an honest livelihood, through their hinder skin, in somewhat of a rough fashion. But this foolish woman, in addition to the plentiful flogging, shut them up in horrid cellars, starved them, beat them with sticks and other hard substances over the head, and allowed the wounds on their heads and bodies to grow and putrify. For this she was properly hung and her family disgraced, but this must not be confounded with just discipline. This cruelty and ferocity have nothing in common with the honest satisfaction with which the Master, the Schoolmaster, and even the Parent wields the Rod or the Whip over the posteriors of the wrong-doer, and imprints his moral lessons in fair red characters on the person of the offender. Providence has evidently implanted this instinct in the human breast to counteract the excessive fondness of parental affection, and the torpid carelessness which would leave the young people under our care to grow up in idleness, ignorance and vice. The Rod has the "quality" applied elsewhere by our immortal bard.

"It blesses him that gives and him that takes."

I now come to my second Proposition, viz., that the sole event of the death of Mary Clifford should not in any degree limit the Quantum of castigation to be administered in our establishments and in our homes. The Londoners are not deprived of their diversion of seeing a villain whipped through their streets, because a fellow occasionally catches a jail fever and dies before his scabs are healed, etc.

Both these cruel women, observes Pisanus Fraxi, were aided, it is true, by men, and more directly so in the former than in the latter instance. But the crime of the woman in both cases, and more particularly in that of the Deferts, is much more heinous, and the cruelty far greater

than that of the man. One can understand a man, should the brutality of his nature be such as to admit of his attempting the chastity of his own child, seeking to avenge the affront and disappointment of a repulse by infliction of excessive punishment, but it surpasses the flight of the most savage and misanthropic imagination to conceive a mother, the natural protector of her own daughter, and that in the atrocious and unnatural manner already described."

The De Goncourt brothers, those charming French stylists, seem to imagine that English people are maniacs for whipping—others.

We quote from their Journal:

Monday, 7 April,—I have this day visited a maniac, a monster, one of those who are on the border of the abyss. This case has enabled me, as it were, by a veil rent in twain, to perceive the abominable depth to which the English aristocracy has fallen, and the frightful aspect of these scions of noble blood surfeited with gold, who combine ferocity with love, and whose debauchery can find satisfaction only in the sufferings of woman.

At a ball at the Grand Opera, a young English gentleman was introduced to Saint-Victor, to whom he said right at the outset, in commencing conversation, "that he did not find it so easy to amuse one's self in Paris, that there were vastly better opportunities elsewhere, that there was in London, a very respectable house, kept by a Mrs. Jenkins, where there were young girls of about thirteen years of age, to whom one began to teach their letters, but afterwards flogged them, the little ones, Oh! not severely, but the big ones right away. One could also stick pins into them, not very long ones, as long as this only, and he showed us the point of his finger; yes,

until they brought blood! . . .” This young Englishman added placidly and quietly, “I have no naturally cruel tastes, and I stop at men and animals . . . Some time ago I hired a window for a heavy sum to see a murderess hanged; we had with us some women *to have fun with them afterwards*—his expressions were always very decent—at the moment when she was about to be executed, we had requested the hangman to lift up her petticoats just a little at the critical moment! . . . When unfortunately, at the last moment, she was pardoned by the Queen!”

To-day therefore, M. Saint-Victor introduced me to this terribly strange character. He was a young man of about thirty years of age, bald, his cheeks bluff like the sides of an orange, clear blue and sharp eyes, his skin extremely delicate, showing distinctly the subcutaneous veins, and his head—most peculiar—that of one of those emaciated and ecstatic young priests who may be seen in ancient pictures to surround saintly bishops. He was an elegant young gentleman, rather stiff in the arms, and in the movements of his body, at the same time abrupt and febrile, denoting the incipient symptoms of a spinal disease. With that, extremely well bred, exquisitely polite and of most particularly gentle manner.

He opened a large and high cabinet, in which was a curious collection of erotic books, admirably bound, and showing to us a MEIBOMIUS, on the *Utility of Flagellation in the Pleasures of Love and of Marriage*, put together by the first binders in Paris, with external artistic iron-work ornaments, representing the phallus, a death's head, and instruments of torture, of which he produced the drawings;*

* This book, on the death of Mr. HANKEY, the amateur in question, later came under the Auctioneer's hammer at the Hôtel Drouot.

he said to us with regard to these iron-work ornaments: "No! At first, the artist refused to execute them... then I lent him some of my books... Now he makes his wife very unhappy... he runs after little girls... but I got the binding I wanted." Then showing us a book all prepared for the binder he said: "For this volume I await a skin, the skin of a young girl... which one of my friends has procured me... It is now being tanned... Six months is necessary to tan it... Do you wish to see, this skin?... but that is immaterial... it was necessary that the skin should be taken off from a living young girl. Fortunately, I had a friend, Dr. B... who explores the interior of Africa, as you know... well, in the massacres which there periodically occur... he has promised to take for me the skin of a still living negress."

And as he still abstractedly contemplates his finger-nails before him, he continues to speak, and his words enter into your soul like the painful thrust of a gimlet." *

* * *

THE WHIPPING OF PROSTITUTES.

It used to be the custom in England to flog loose women. We take the following curious account from the "LONDON SPY":—

"From thence my Friend conducted me to *Bridewell*, being Court-Day, to give me the Diversion, of seeing the *Letchery* of some Town Ladies cool'd by a Cat-of-Nine-tails:.... We then turn'd into the Gate of a Stately Edifice, which my Friend told me was *Bridewell*, at my first entrance, it seem'd to me rather a Princes Palace, than a House of Correction; till gazing round me, I saw

* *Journal des Goncourt*, 2nd vol. 1862—1865, 1887.

in a large Room a parcel of Ill-looking Mortals Stripp'd to their Shirts like *Haymakers*, Pounding a Pernicious Weed, which I had thought, from their Unlucky Aspects, seem'd to threaten their Destruction... From thence we turn'd into another Court, the Buildings, being like the former, Magnificently Noble; where straight before us was another Grate, which prov'd the Women's Apartment: We follow'd our Noses and walk'd up to take a view of these Ladies, who we found were shut up as close as Nuns; but like so many Slaves, were under the Care and Direction of an Over-seer, who walk'd about with a very flexible Weapon of Office, to Correct such Hempen Journey-Women who were unhappily troubled with the Spirit of Idleness. These smelt as frowzily as so many Goats in a *Welsh* Gentleman's Stable, or rather a Litter of Piss-tail Children under the Care of a Parish Nurse; and look'd with as much Modesty as so many *Newgate* Saints Canoniz'd at the *Old-Baily*; being all as Chearful over their Shameful Drudgery, notwithstanding their Miserable Circumstances, as so many Jolly Crispins in a Garret o'er *St. Hugh's* Bones, or *Vulcans* in a Cellar o'er the merry Clinks of the Sledge and Anvil. Some seem'd so very Young, that I thought it very strange they should know Sin enough at those Years to bring them so early into a State of Misery... Being now both tired with, and amazed at, the Confidence and Loose Behaviour of these Degenerate Wretches, who had neither Sense of Grace, Knowledge of Virtue, Fear of Shame, or Dread of Misery, my Friend Reconducted me back into the first Quadrangle, and led me up a pair of Stairs into a Spacious Chamber, where the Court was sitting in great Grandeur and Order. A Grave Gentleman, whose Awful Looks bespoke him some

Honourable Citizen, was mounted in the Judgement Seat, Arm'd with a Hammer, like a *Change-Broker* at *Loyds-Coffee-House*, when selling *Goods* by Inch of Candle; and a Woman under the Lash in the next Room; where Folding Doors were open'd, that the whole Court might see the Punishment Inflicted; at last down went the Hammer, and the Scourging Ceas'd; that I protest, till I was undeceiv'd, I thought the Offenders had been Popish Penitents, who by the Delusion of their Priests, were drawn thither to buy Lashes by Auction. The Honourable Court, I observ'd, were chiefly Attended by Fellows in Blew-Coats, and Women in Blew-Aprons. Another Accusation being then deliver'd by a Flat-Cap against a poor Wench, who having no Friend to speak in her Behalf, Proclamation was made, *viz.*, *All you who are willing E—th. I—ll, should have present Punishment, Pray hold up your Hands:* Which was done accordingly: And then she was order'd the Civility of the House, and was forc'd to shew her tender Back, and tempting Bubbies, to the Grave Sages of the August Assembly, who were moved by her Modest Mein, together with the Whiteness of her Skin, to give her but a Gentle Correction.*

CORRECTION OF A JEALOUS WOMAN.

The following was communicated by an eye-witness.

“ Not more than a dozen years since, an amusing scene of conjugal correction took place in the outskirts of Paris. A well-known and talented author was often in the habit of hospitably entertaining his numerous friends: men of letters, artists and journalists, at his pretty villa an hour's journey distant from the capital. Some years previously

* The London Spy. London, 1704 (pp. 129, 136, 139, 140).

he had married a pretty girl much younger than himself, and not very intellectually gifted. She was however greatly attached to her husband, notwithstanding the disparity of age, but was fearfully jealous, and took it into her head that the friends who came to see him, most of them men of literary eminence, were leading him astray, and causing him sometimes to remain out late when he went to Paris. So she got into the unfortunate habit, whenever they came to dine with him in the country, of casting all sorts of reproaches, which degenerated into positive abuse.

One day, when she had forgotten herself more than usual by grossly insulting an old and esteemed friend of her husband's family, heaping contumely upon him, before several other persons, her husband, a big powerful man, losing all patience, suddenly seized hold of her, and before she had time to resist, laid her across his knee, lifted up her petticoats and, before his astonished guests, then and there gave her that sort of hearty smacking, usually administered to a naughty child. He then released her, and the poor little woman rushed from the room, overwhelmed with shame and confusion.

The lesson was a severe one, but it was quite effectual. From that day my lady was a loving and contented little wife, no longer jealous of her husband, nor did she ever again vent her ill-humour before his friends or at their expense.

MORAL.

With some ladies arguments suffice, with others, caresses, but those who refuse to learn wisdom any way require sharp, severe, and decisive smacking.

* * *

CORRECTION LEADS TO DIVORCE.

Wife-whipping sometimes gives rise to serious results, if the beatings are accompanied with brutality.

In a south German town, not very many years ago, there lived a doctor who administered the Rod to his pretty wife on the slightest occasion. He was very jealous, and thought proper to practise flagellation on the body of his wife so often, that she at last complained to her friends, and on their advice obtained a divorce.

We have heard of a case in the same country, where the husband did not give the correction with his own hand, but handed the matter over to the ecclesiastical authorities, who inflicted it quite as efficiently. This lady was of great beauty, and had many admirers. In consequence of instructions received from the husband, she was one night dragged out of bed, carried out of the house, put into a close carriage, and brought to an unknown place. There she was examined, and commanded to give up the names of her adorers, but as she persisted in refusing to do so, she received a violent whipping with a rod, and after some days was taken back to her husband, when her admirers collected for her a valuable present, as a reward for her fidelity and silence. In a somewhat milder way, but likewise with the Rod (although we are not aware that the husbands sanctioned or ordered the proceeding), did a canon at Limburg punish the transgressions of the pretty married women who came to him to make confession. They naturally could make no resistance, and had to endure their punishment with patience.

THE BIRCH ARDENTLY DESIRED.

Woman is "by nature coy and hard to please". While some of this strange sex take correction badly, others fall ill, if refused a beating. The following instance seems to illustrate the remarks made at the opening of the present article. Sometimes a whole series of whippings may be necessary to satisfy the ladies' taste, but in this case one application seems to have completely satisfied the craving for birch. A lady of good family was married to a young magistrate of great wealth and amiability, who was most studiously attentive to her. Her slightest desires were immediately satisfied; absolute mistress in the house, nothing was refused to her, and her husband made himself her submissive slave. In spite of all the happiness of this beautiful honeymoon, however, the young wife suddenly became melancholy and peevish; whereon the poor husband redoubled his attentions and caresses, and even supplicated her upon his knees to tell him what ailed her. She at last yielded to his entreaties so far as to reply that she had a longing so violent, ungovernable, and extraordinary, that she preferred to die rather than make it known. Of course, this had only the effect of heightening his eagerness to hear what this desire was, and if possible to gratify it, and after several more days of prayers and earnest beseechings, she owned that she wished to be beaten!—not with strokes from the fist or feet, but with a rod to be vigorously thrashed, sharp and quick, in a manner that would thoroughly satisfy this ridiculous longing. The husband regarded her in amazement believing she had lost her reason: so that when she would not, do as he might, be content, he had her put to bed,

and treated as for what might be a serious malady. A doctor was consulted, who relieved, yet still more surprised, the troubled husband, by at once falling in with the patient's desire, and prescribing the birch as the sole remedy of this vagary, only he recommended that she should be flogged on that part of her person least likely to be attended with any danger. The husband, as it were abandoning himself to his fate, then determined to execute the doctor's prescription, and, profiting one day by a turn of ill-humour on the part of his wife, seized a rod, and applied it in right good earnest to the region indicated. From that moment the young wife was completely satisfied and cured.

WHIPPED BY PROXY.

The following delightful account of a mediæval wife-beating will occur to all students of *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*:

Not a great while ago there lived a merchant at Tours, who, in order to treat his vicar and other worthy friends, bought a big and fine lamprey, and sent it to his house, specially charging his wife to cook it properly, as she knew well how to do: and manage, said he, "that the dinner be ready at noon, for I shall then bring the vicar and some other guests" (whom he named to her)—"All shall be ready," said she, "bring whoever you like." She cooked a big dish of fine fish; but as for the lamprey, she destined it for the Franciscan monastery, for her bosom-friend, saying: "Ah! brother Bernard, why are you not here! By my troth, you should not go away until you had tasted of the lamprey, or, if it better suited you, you should take it to your chamber, and I would not fail to

come and keep you company." It was with much regret that the good woman set about preparing the lamprey for her husband, while she reflected how she could contrive to let her monk have it. She thought and considered so long until she concluded to charge an old woman, who knew her secret, to take it to him, which she did, informing him that at night she would come to sup and to sleep with him. When master Franciscan friar saw this splendid lamprey and was advised of the coming of the dame, it may be imagined how joyful and pleased he was; and he told the old woman that if he could manage to procure some good wine, the lamprey should not be defrauded of its due, when it came to be eaten. The old woman returned to her mistress and gave her an account of her mission. At about the hour of noon, home comes our merchant with the vicar and several other jolly companions, to devour the lamprey, which was now well out of their reach. When they had come into the merchant's house, he led them straightway to the kitchen, to see this fine lamprey, to which they were going to do justice; and called his wife, saying to her: "Show us our lamprey, that our friends may know if I have made a good bargain of it."—"What lamprey?" says she. "The lamprey that I sent you for our dinner, with the other fish." "I have seen no lamprey," she said, "I think you must be dreaming. Here is a carp, two pikes and I know not what other fish; but I have seen no lamprey to-day."—"What!" said he, "do you think that I am drunk?"—"I' faith, yes," then said the vicar and the others; "you do not seem otherwise to-day! You are rather too stingy at present to buy a lamprey."—"By God," says the wife, "he is making fun of you, for surely I have seen no lamprey this year."

And the good husband, in a rage, cried out: "You lie, you bawd, you have eaten it or hidden it away somewhere. I promise that never will a lamprey have cost you so dear." Then, turning to the vicar and to his other guests, he swore by death and a hundred oaths, that he had sent a lamprey to his wife, which had cost him a franc. And they, to still further torment and enrage him, made pretence not to believe him, and used words, as if they were vexed, saying: "We were invited to dinner by so-and-so, and we have left every thing to come here, thinking to eat a lamprey, but as we see, it is not likely to disagree with us." The host, who was wild with rage, took up a stick and advanced towards his wife to lay it well about her, and would surely have done so had not the others held him back and forced him to go with them outside, where they took the trouble to calm him down as well as they could, seeing him so much put out. Then, as the lamprey failed them, the vicar spread the table, and they made the best meal they could. The good dame of the lamprey sent for one of her neighbours, a widow, but a fine woman and plump, and got her to dine with her. And when she saw her opportunity, she said: "My good neighbour, it would be good of you to do me a singular pleasure; and if you will do it for me, you shall be so well recompensed, that you are sure to be well pleased" — "And what does it please you that I do?" said the other. — "I will tell you," said she, "my husband is so ardent at his work, that it is a great marvel; and, in fact, last night he rumped me so much about, that, by my faith! I can hardly bear to wait upon him again to-night. Therefore I beg of you to take my place, and if I can ever do anything for you, you

shall find me ready body and soul." The good neighbour in order to do her pleasure and service, was well pleased to take her place, for which she was much and greatly thanked by the other. Now, you must know that our merchant of the lamprey, when he had finished his dinner, made a very big and large provision of good birch rods, which he carried secretly home, and hid at the foot of the bed, thinking to serve his wife that night in proper fashion with them. He did not do this so secretly, but that she guessed very well of it, and knowing by experience how cruel he was, pretended to see nothing. Her husband did not sup at home, but remained out so late, that when he came home he right well expected to find her in bed, naked. But his enterprise failed, for when the evening came and it was late, she made her neighbour undress and take her place in the bed, charging her expressly not to say a word to her husband when he came, but to make pretence to be mute and malade. And moreover, she extinguished the fire on the hearth, in the kitchen and also in the chamber. That done, she recommended to her friend, that as soon as her husband should get up in the morning, she should go away home. So did the other promise to do. The neighbour being now lodged and in bed, our valiant dame wended her way to the Franciscan convent, to eat of the lamprey, and to gain her absolution as it was pretty well her custom.

While she was there making merry, we have to say that the merchant after his supper came back to his house, full of anger and grumbling about the lamprey. And in order to execute what he had decided in his mind, he took hold of the birches, keeping them in his hand, and looking everywhere for a candle, which he could

not find, not even on the chimney. When he saw that, he went to bed without saying a word, and slept until daylight, when he got up and dressed, and taking up his birchen rods thrashed the substitute of his wife so severely, that he was nigh to knock her to pieces, reminding her of the lamprey, and put her into such a state, that she was bleeding all over: the sheets of the bed even were everywhere stained with blood, as if a bullock had been slaughtered there; but the poor martyr dared not utter a word, nor show her face. At last the birches were used, and he got tired; he then went out. And the poor woman, who had expected to be gratified with amorous frolic and gracious pastime, went away soon after to her own house, complaining of her pain and of her martyrdom, not without threatening and well cursing her neighbour. While her husband was away, the good woman came home from the friar's convent, and in her room she found the birchen rods spread about, the bed tumbled and the sheets all stained with blood. She at once saw what had happened to her neighbour's body, as she had right well expected; and without stopping, or a moment's delay, she made the bed again, put on clean fresh sheets, and swept the room. After that, she went to see her neighbour, whom she found in a pitiful state, and where it cannot be said that she did not find some one to talk to her. As soon as she could she returned home again, and, undressing completely, got into the nice bed she had just so well prepared, and slept very well until her husband came back from the town, as it were changed from his anger, because he had been revenged, and approached his wife whom he found in bed pretending to sleep. "How now, my dame?" said he: "is it not time

to get up?"—"Oh, my! she said, is it day-light? Upon my oath! I never heard you get up. I was still in a dream which lasted ever so long."—"I think," said he, "you must have dreamt of the lamprey, was it not so? There would be nothing marvellous about it, for I well reminded you of it this morning."—"By heaven," said she, "I remember neither you nor your lamprey."—"What," he said, "have you so soon forgotten it?"—"Forgotten?" said she; "I never pay much attention to dreams."—"And besides the dream," he says, "how about the handful of birch-rods I laid about you not two hours ago? I know right well that it must be largely avouched on the sheets of our bed."—"By my troth, good friend," she replied, "I know not what you have done or dreamt, but, as for me, I very well remember, that this morning early, you played me with right good appetite the game of love; I knew of nought else! You may perhaps have dreamed of having given me something else, as you did yesterday of having sent me the lamprey?"—"That would be indeed a strange thing," he said. "Let us have a look, that I may see you." She then undid and turned down the bedclothes, showing herself stark naked, without the least bruise or wound upon her. He could also see the fine white sheets without a stain upon them. He was more amazed than I can tell you, and began to ponder and to reflect profoundly. He thus remained for some time. But at last, after a good delay, he said: "On my oath, my dear, I thought I had this morning, severely birched you even to blood, but I now see that it was no such thing."—"Holy Mother!" said she, "drive away from your mind such ideas of beating, for never yet did you touch me: you can now well see and perceive it. Take into account, that you have dreamt it,

as you did yesterday about the lamprey."—"I know now," said he, "that you have spoken the truth; therefore I pray you to excuse me, and I quite acknowledge that I was wrong yesterday to abuse you before the strangers I had brought home with me."—"You are easily pardoned," she replied, "but nevertheless, do not in future be so thoughtless nor so hasty in your affairs, as you are in the habit of being."—"Nor will I be, my dear," he replied.

Thus was it, as you have heard, that the merchant was deceived by his wife, who believed that he had bought the lamprey of which he made price and account, as has been written and related.

* * *

CORRECTION OF AN OVER-GAY WIFE.

Wives were not always so successful in thus getting whipped by proxy. There formerly lived a gay French lady who kept most unreasonable hours; her very head ran upon nothing but balls and masquerades, and she never concerned herself about her husband's ill-concealed chagrin, so that in time he became quite discontented with her proceedings, and determined to be very explicit. One day therefore he said to her, "My dear, are the days not sufficiently long, but the nights too must be devoted to your pleasure? I must insist that you return home at a certain hour; if you do not mind this injunction, I have a most infallible method to bring you to reason; and of this matter I will be judge as well as accuser." The fair lady, conscious that her pleasures were founded on innocence, paid no regard to his remonstrances, and returned home that evening at her usual late hour,

little dreaming of the infallible method of cure which her husband had in store. He had three days before prepared a most rare collection of green birch twigs; and that they might tickle madam to some purpose, he had soaked them well in brine. Waiting for the appearance of his lady, as soon as she entered the apartment he ran and seized her in his arms, the lady thinking he did so only by way of frolic; but a shower of blows from the birch, wielded by the arm of her indignant husband, soon convinced her of her mistake. In vain she screamed and cried for help, and all in vain resisted his superior strength, for he continued flagellating her until she was in a thoroughly penitent state of mind. The next day she made grievous complaints to her female friends, who only laughed at the serio-comic adventure. At last, being apprehensive of another whipping, and not desirous of again tasting her husband's infallible cure, she thought it prudent to be silent and to reform her mode of life.

* * *

REVOLT AGAINST THE BIRCH.

Although there is possibly no cure more efficacious for nervous excitableness and green-sickness common to young girls, some of these latter kick against being beaten, solely through false ideas of their own importance. Madam Roland protested fiercely against the indignity of a whipping, and communicates in her memoirs one or two remarkable personal anecdotes. Her father, being a choleric man, used to beat her often when a girl; she more than once bit the thigh across which she was laid for the purpose of undergoing a flagellation. Refusing one day to take some

medicine, she was sentenced to be whipped. Being again asked to take it, and refusing, she was whipped a second time with still greater severity. Another day, when a similar punishment was about to be inflicted, she became fierce in her opposition, and thereby excited her father; but seeing her mother in tears, she yielded, and received her chastisement for that time with humility. But she was determined to carry her point—to die rather than give in—and so she was never whipped again.

RUSSIAN MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

In the kingdom of the Czar, beating commences on the threshold of the conjugal relations, and continues long after the honey-moon is forgotten. How happy must be the husband thus able to assert his authority! How dutiful the bride taught thus early to walk in the way of wifely obedience! We quote:—The ritual strokes of the whip that the bride receives from her future husband, a custom existing among all the Slav nations and among other Indo-European peoples,* are to-day as well explained by the very words spoken by the bridegroom as he administers the stripes, as by the songs of his comrades, and even by the commentaries of learned men, as signi-

* See Soumtzov, *Sur les usages nupt.*, p. 94., Krauss, *Sitte und Brauch der Südslavon*, p. 385; Boiev. *K. Bratchnomou pravou Bolgar* (*Sur les us. Jurid. Bulg*) p. 40; Liebrecht, *Volkskunde*, pp. 376—377; Laumier, *Cerem. nupt.*, p. 91; Wood, *The Wedding-day*, II, pp. 48, 118; in the Government of Kazan, among the Tcheremiss, the bride does not at once step into the nuptial coach, she merely places one foot on it and then draws back. This repeated three times, until the leader of the cortège gives her three stripes with his whip (Smirnoff, *Les Tcheremisses*, pp. 130—131).

fyng the subjection of the wife to her husband. M Soumtzov, it appears, gives a very plausible explanation of their primitive meaning. He finds in them an analogy with the ritual strokes of the *Luperci* during the *Lupercalia* among the ancient Romans, and with the melliferous whips of Asvines, symbolising the dew of dawn and that of eve, which produced the fertility of the fields.*

This point of view is confirmed by the customs preserved in many localities when the bridegroom contents himself with fanning his bride from all sides with a long whip,* or else lashes the coach with it as he goes round the same.* The above indications may also be recognized in the custom preserved in White Russia to rouse up the young married couple from their nuptial couch by giving them blows of a whip, as in fact the whip or the stick figure in most of the nuptial ceremonies."

* * *

RUSSIAN SERF-GIRLS BEATEN.

The despotic power once vested in Russian land-proprietors is happily destroyed. The serf-rights have been abolished. Practically perhaps, the old conditions to a large extent, continue to live on. Let us hope, however, that cases like the following are rare.

"A beautiful serf-girl was betrothed to one in her own station. Her lord, however, wished the young woman to become his mistress, and because she refused this degradation in the most decided manner, he resolved to have her flogged: a charge of some kind was therefore trumped up against her, and on this false charge she was

* Soumtzov. *loc. cit.* pp. 94, 95.

sent for to the prison, and the door of the room locked. Being then stripped quite naked, she was laid down on a bench, having two holes at one end, through which her arms were put: then a couple of men held her by the head and feet, while another lashed her until she was covered with blood, and so severely that she did not recover from the effects of the whippings for three months.

The "Englishwoman in Russia" mentions that a lady of the highest rank, having used a lady's privilege, at a masked ball, of chattering in the ear of the Emperor, let fall some rather indiscreet suggestion. Followed home by a spy, she was summoned the next day to Count Orloff's office; where, upon arriving, she was pointed to a chair, and quietly interrogated. Presently she was gently let down to a lower chamber, where she was vigorously birched, just as if she had been a little child, by some unseen person. The "Englishwoman" vouches for the correctness of this anecdote. She knew the lady, and had the story from an intimate friend of the family.

* * *

THE BEATING OF A LADY OF RANK.

Wild stories sometimes get afloat regarding the high-handed proceedings of Russian officialism. The following terribly undignified treatment of a lady in a police office is, "thank God!" a custom not yet introduced, as far as we know, at Bow Street. A lady of rank, supposed to have committed some treasonable action, was summoned to the bureau of the secret police: having arrived, and the door being shut, she was politely requested to walk forward, but as she did so a trap-door suddenly gave way under

her, and she slipped down till she was supported only by her clothes, which had gathered up all around her arms; in this helpless condition she hung through the ceiling of a room below, where an executioner had been previously stationed to ply the whip upon her unprotected body.

It may perhaps stop a woman's babbling to handle her in this way, but we venture to think that it would be far more becoming and decorous to call upon the husband, or even a brother or cousin, to execute such work, rather than to delegate it to a strange man concealed beneath the flooring. A member of Parliament, we think, who advocated such measures for Englishwomen, would soon be asked to resign.

FLOGGED AFTER THE BALL.

It is said that there is little distance between tears and laughter. Few people, however, go direct from the ball-room to the whipping-stool; few are the gentlemen ungentlemanly enough to listen to a lovely woman's wit flung out thoughtlessly in the whirl of the waltz, and immediately use it as a reason to have them shamelessly beaten. Yet many noble ladies have been flogged in Russia under such circumstances. Indeed, anecdotes of such flagellations could be multiplied to almost any extent. It was stated a few years ago in a German newspaper that three of the most beautiful women of St. Petersburg were driven direct from one of the Imperial balls in their own carriages, in all their finery of satin and lace, to the police station, and after being mounted on a man's shoulders, with their dresses tucked up, were smartly whipped with a birch rod. No explanation was given; but they were dismissed with the significant caution to hold their tongues in future.

At another Imperial party, some young ladies, who had been chatting too freely, were politely escorted by a *maître d'hôtel* to a distant apartment, where, being made to kneel over an ottoman, they were severely smacked by a female house-keeper with their satin slippers, and then sent home!

THE CORRECTION OF WIVES IN THE EAST.

Most of the cases of flagellation recited in the foregoing pages have Europe for their scene of action. It must not, however, be therefore assumed that the East is wanting in amateurs of this sport. The Hebrew scriptures are redolent, on the contrary, with the smell of the birch twig, and sun-tanned lips have, in Oriental tongues, echoed the refrain of the Jesuit priest:

"Pour la fesse
Je professe
Un goût assez saugrenu;
O fesse
Je le confesse,
Ton objet m'est trop connu!"

It is not our intention here to attempt any learned disquisition on the origin of the bastonnade, or the oriental use of the handy slipper. We prefer with Macaulay, the concrete to the abstract, and think that the following amusing story from the *Thousand Nights and a Night** will, better than any pedantic show of erudition, illustrate the Eastern's idea of the importance of wifely correction.

THE BULL AND THE ASS.

"There was once a merchant who owned much money

* Burton's *original* (BENARES)) edition,—of course.

and many men, and who was rich in cattle and camels, he had also a wife and family and he dwelt in the country, being experienced in husbandry and devoted to agriculture. Now Allah Most High had endowed him with understanding the tongues of beasts and birds of every kind, but under pain of death if he divulged the gift to any. So he kept it secret for very fear. He had in his cow-house a Bull and an Ass each tethered in his own stall one hard by the other. As the merchant was sitting near hand one day with his servants and his children were playing about him, he heard the Bull say to the Ass, "Hail and health to thee O Father of Waking!*" for that thou enjoyest rest and good ministering, all under thee is clean-swept and fresh-sprinkled; men wait upon thee and feed thee, and thy provaunt is sifted barley and thy drink pure spring-water, while I (unhappy creature!) am led forth in the middle of the night, when they set on my neck the plough and a something called Yoke; and I tire at cleaving the earth from dawn of day till set of sun. I am forced to do more than I can and to bear all manner of ill-treatment from night to night; after which they take me back with my sides torn, my neck flayed, my legs aching and mine eyelids sore with tears. Then they shut me up in the byre and throw me beans and crushed straw,† mixed with dirt and chaff; and I lie in dung

* Arab. "Abú Yakzan" = the Wakener; because the ass brays at dawn.

† Arab. "Tibn" straw crushed under the sledge: the hay of Egypt, Arabia, Syria, etc. The Old country custom is to pull up the corn by handfuls from the roots, leaving the land perfectly bare: hence the "plucking up" of Hebrew Holy Writ. The object is to preserve every atom of "Tibn."

and filth and foul stinks through the livelong night. But thou art ever in a place swept and sprinkled and cleansed, and thou art always lying at ease, save when it happens (and seldom enough!) that the master hath some business, when he mounts thee and rides thee to town and returns with thee forthright. So it happens that I am toiling and distress while thou takest thine ease and thy rest; thou sleepest while I am sleepless; I hunger still while thou eatest thy fill, and I win contempt while thou winnest good will." When the Bull ceased speaking, the Ass turned towards him and said, "O Broad-o'-Brow,* O thou lost one! he lied not who dubbed thee Bull-head, for thou, O father of a Bull, hast neither forethought nor contrivance; thou art the simplest of simpletons,† and thou knowest naught of good advisers. Hast thou not heard the saying of the wise:

For others these hardships and labours I bear,
And theirs is the pleasure and mine is the care;
As the bleacher who blacketh his brow in the sun
To whiten the raiment which other men wear. §

But thou, O fool, art full of zeal and thou toilest and moilest before the master; and thou tearest and wearest and slayest thyself for the comfort of another. Hast thou never heard the saying, that saith "None to guide and from the way go wide?" Thou wendest forth at the call to dawn-prayer and thou returnest not till sundown; and

* Arab. "Yà Aftah:" Al-Aftah is an epithet of the bull, also of the chameleon.

† Arab. "Balíd," a favourite Egyptianism often pleasantly confounded with "Wali" (a Santon); hence the latter comes to mean "an innocent," a "ninny."

§ From the Calc. Edit., Vol. 1, p. 29.

through the livelong day thou endurest all manner hardships; to wit, beating and belabouring and bad language. Now hearken to me, Sir Bull! when they tie thee to thy stinking manger, thou pawest the ground with thy forehand and lashest out with thy hind hoofs and pushest with thy horns and bellowest aloud, so they deem thee contented. And when they throw thee thy fodder thou fallest on it with greed and hastenest to line thy fair fat paunch. But if thou accept my advice it will be better for thee and thou wilt lead an easier life even than mine. When thou goest a-field and they lay the thing called yoke on thy neck, lie down and rise not again though haply they swinge thee; and, if thou rise, lie down a second time; and when they bring thee home and offer thee thy beans, fall backwards and only snuff at thy meat and withdraw thee and taste it not, and be satisfied with thy crushed straw and chaff; and on this wise feign thou art sick, and cease not doing thus for a day or two days or even three days, so shalt thou have rest from toil and moil.

When the Bull heard these words he knew the Ass to be his friend and thanked him, saying, "Right is thy rede;" and prayed that all blessings might requite him, and cried, "O Father Wakener! * thou hast made up for my failings." (Now † the merchant, O my daughter, understood all that passed between them.) Next day the driver took the Bull, and settling the plough on his neck, § made him work as wont; but the Bull began to shirk his ploughing, according to the advice of the Ass, and the

* Arab. "Abu Yakzán" is hardly equivalent with "Père l'Eveillé."

† In Arab. the wa(,) is the sign of parenthesis.

§ In the nearer East the light little plough is carried afield by the bull or ass

ploughman drubbed him till he broke the yoke and made off; but the man caught him up and leathered him till he despaired of his life. Not the less, however, would he do nothing but stand still and drop down till the evening. Then the herd led him home and stabled him in his stall: but he drew back from his manger and neither stamped nor ramped nor butted nor bellowed as he was wont to do; whereat the man wondered. He brought him the beans and husks, but he sniffed at them and left them and lay down as far from them as he could and passed the whole night fasting. The peasant came next morning; and, seeing the manger full of beans, the crushed-straw untasted and the ox lying on his back in sorriest plight, with outstretched and swollen belly, he was concerned for him, and said to himself, "By Allah, he hath assuredly sickened and this is the cause why he would not plough yesterday." Then he went to the merchant and reported, "O my master, the Bull is ailing; he refused his fodder last night; nay more, he hath not tasted a scrap of it this morning." Now the merchant-farmer understood what all this meant, because he had overheard the talk between the Bull and the Ass, so quoth he, "Take that rascal donkey, and set the yoke on his neck, and bind him to the plough and make him do Bull's work." Thereupon the ploughman took the Ass, and worked him through the livelong day at the Bull's task; and, when he failed for weakness, he made him eat stick till his ribs were sore and his sides were sunken and his neck was flayed by the yoke; and when he came home in the evening he could hardly drag his limbs along, either forehand or hind-legs. But as for the Bull, he had passed the day lying at full length and had eaten his fodder with an excellent appetite, and he ceased

not calling down blessings on the Ass for his good advice ; unknowing what had come to him on his account. So when night set in and the Ass returned to the byre the Bull rose up before him in honour, and said, " May good tidings gladden thy heart, O Father Wakener ! through thee I have rested all this day and I have eaten my meat in peace and quiet." But the Ass returned no reply, for wrath and heart-burning fatigue and the beating he had gotten ; and he repented with the most grievous of repentance ; and quoth he to himself : " This cometh of my folly in giving good counsel ; as the saw saith, I was in joy and gladness, nought save my officiousness brought me this sadness. But I will bear in mind my innate worth and the nobility of my nature ; for what said the poet ?

Shall the beautiful hue of the Basil * fail
Tho' the beetle's foot o'er the Basil crawl?
And though spider and fly be its denizens.
Shall disgrace attach to the royal hall?
The cowrie, † I ken, shall have currency
But the pearl's clear drop, shall its value fall?

And now I must take thought and put a trick upon

* *Ocydum basilicum*, the "royal herb," so much prized all over the East, especially in India, where, under the name of "Fulsi," it is a shrub sacred to the merry god Krishna. I found the verses in a MS. copy of the Nights.

† Arab. "Sadaf," the Kauri, or cowrie, brought from the Maldive and Lakdive Archipelago. The *Kámús* describes this "Wadâ" or *Concha Veneris* as a white shell [whence to "shell out"] which is taken out of the sea, the fissure of which is white like that of the date-stone. It is hung round the neck to avert the evil eye." The pearl in Arab. is "Murwarid," hence evidently "Margarita" and *Margaris* (Woman's name.)

him and return him to his place, else I die." Then he went aweary to his manger, while the Bull thanked him and blessed him. And even so, O my daughter, said the Wazir, thou wilt die for lack of wits; therefore sit thee still and say naught and expose not thy life to such stress; for, by Allah, I offer thee the best advice, which cometh of my affection and kindly solicitude for thee. "O my father," she answered, "needs must I go up to this King and be married to him." Quoth he, "Do not this deed;" and quoth she, "Of a truth I will;" whereat he rejoined, "If thou be not silent and bide still, I will do with thee even what the merchant did with his wife." "And what did he?" asked she. Know then, answered the Wazir, that after the return of the Ass the merchant came out on the terrace-roof with his wife and family for it was a moonlit night and the moon at its full. Now the terrace overlooked the cowhouse and presently, as he sat there with his children playing about him, the trader heard the Ass say the Bull, "Tell me, O father Broad o'Brow, what thou purposest to do to-morrow?" The Bull answered, "What but continue to follow thy counsel, O Aliboron? Indeed it was as good as good could be and it hath given me rest and repose; nor will I now depart from it one tittle: so, when they bring me my meat, I will refuse it and blow out my belly and counterfeit crank." The Ass shook his head and said, "Beware of so doing, O Father of a Bull!" The Bull asked, "Why," and the Ass answered, "Know that I am about to give thee the best of counsel, for verily I heard our owner say to the herd, If the Bull rise not from his place to do his work this morning and if he retire from his fodder this day, make him over to the butcher that he may slaughter him and

give his flesh to the poor, and fashion a bit of leather from his hide. Now I fear for thee on account of this. So take my advice ere a calamity befall thee; and when they bring thee thy fodder, eat it and rise up and bellow and paw the ground, or our master will assuredly slay thee and peace be with thee?" Thereupon the Bull arose and lowed aloud and thanked the Ass, and said, "Tomorrow I will readily go forth with them;" and he at once eat up all his meat and even licked the manger. (All this took place and the owner was listening to their talk).

"Next morning the trader and his wife went to the Bull's crib and sat down, and the driver came and led forth the Bull who, seeing his owner, whisked his tail and brake wind, and frisked about so lustily that the merchant laughed a loud laugh and kept laughing till he fell on his back. His wife asked him "Whereat laughest thou with such loud laughter as this?"; and he answered her, "I laughed at a secret something which I have heard and seen but cannot say lest I die my death." She returned, "Perforce thou must discover it to me, and disclose the cause of thy laughing even if thou come by thy death!" But he rejoined, "I cannot reveal what beasts and birds say in their lingo for fear I die." Then quoth she, "By Allah, thou liest! this is a mere protest: thou laughest at none save me, and now thou wouldest hide somewhat from me. But by the Lord of the Heavens! an thou disclose not the cause I will no longer cohabit with thee: I will leave thee at once." And she sat down and cried. Whereupon quoth the merchant, "Woe betide thee! what means thy weeping? Fear Allah and leave these words and query me no more questions." "Needs must thou tell me the cause of that laugh," said she, and

he replied, "Thou wottest that when I prayed Allah to vouchsafe me understanding of the tongues of beasts and birds, I made a vow never to disclose the secret to any under pain of dying on the spot." "No matter," cried she, "tell me what secret passed between the Bull and the Ass and die this very hour an thou be so minded;" and she ceased not to importune him till he was worn out and clean distraught. So at last he said, "Summon thy father and thy mother and our kith and kin and sundry of our neighbours," which she did; and he sent for the Kazi* and his assessors, intending to make his will and reveal to her his secret and die the death; for he loved her with love exceeding because she was his cousin, the daughter of his father's brother, and the mother of his children, and he had lived with her a life of an hundred and twenty years. Then, having assembled all the family and the folk of his neighbourhood, he said to them, "By me there hangeth a strange story, and 'tis such that if I discover the secret to any, I am a dead man." Therefore quoth every one of those present to the woman, "Allah upon thee, leave this sinful obstinacy and recognise the right of this matter, lest haply thy husband and the father of thy children die." But she rejoined, "I will not turn from it till he tell me, even though he come by his death."

So they ceased to urge her; and the trader rose from amongst them and repaired to an outhouse to perform the Wuzu-ablution, † and he purposed thereafter to return

* The older "Cadi," a judge in religious matters. The Shuhùd, or Assessors, are officers of the Mahkamah or Kazi's Court.

† Of which more in a future page. He thus purified himself ceremonially before death.

and to tell them his secret and to die. Now, daughter Shahrazad, that merchant had in his outhouses some fifty hens under one cock, and whilst making ready to farewell his folk he heard one of his many farm-dogs thus address in his own tongue the Cock, who was flapping his wings and crowing lustily and jumping from one hen's back to another and treading all in turn, saying, "O Chanticleer! how mean is thy wit and how shameless is thy conduct! Be he disappointed who brought thee up? * Art thou not ashamed of thy doings on such a day as this?" "And what," asked the Rooster, "hath occurred this day?", when the Dog answered, "Dost thou not know that our master is this day making ready for his death? His wife is resolved that he shall disclose the secret taught to him by Allah, and the moment he so doeth he shall surely die. We dogs are all a-mourning; but thou clapest thy wings and clarionest thy loudest and treadest hen after hen. Is this an hour for pastime and pleasuring? Art thou not ashamed of thyself?" †

"Then by Allah," quoth the Cock, "is our master a lack-wit and a man scanty of sense: if he cannot manage matters with a single wife, his life is not worth prolonging. Now I have some fifty Dame Partlets; and I please this and provoke that and starve one and stuff another; and through my good governance they are all well under my control. This our master pretendeth to wit and wisdom, and he hath but one wife, and yet knoweth not how to manage her."

* This is Christian rather than Moslem: a favourite Maltese curse is "Yahrak Kiddisak man rabba-k!" = burn the Saint who brought thee up!

† A popular Egyptian phrase: the dog and the cock speak like Fellahs.

Asked the Dog, "What then, O Cock, should the master do to win clear of his strait?"

"He should arise forthright," answered the Cock, "and take some twigs from yon mulberry-tree and give her a regular back-basting and rib-roasting till she cry:—I repent, O my lord! I will never ask thee a question as long as I live! Then let him beat her once more and soundly, and when he shall have done this he shall sleep free from care and enjoy life. But this master of ours owns neither sense nor judgment." "Now, daughter Shahrazad," continued the Wazir. "I will do to thee as did that husband to that wife." Said Shahrazad, "And what did he do?" He replied, "When the merchant heard the wise words spoken by his Cock to his Dog, he arose in haste and sought his wife's chamber, after cutting for her some mulberry-twigs and hiding them there; and then he called to her, "Come into the closet that I may tell thee the secret while no one seeth me and then die." She entered with him and he locked the door and came down upon her with so sound a beating, of back and shoulders, ribs, arms and legs, saying the while, "Wilt thou ever be asking questions about what concerneth thee not?" that she was well nigh senseless. Presently she cried out, "I am of the repentant! By Allah, I will ask thee no more questions, and indeed I repent sincerely and wholesomely." Then she kissed his hand and feet and he led her out of the room submissive as a wife should be. Her parents and all the company rejoiced and sadness and mourning were changed into joy and gladness. Thus the merchant learnt family discipline from his Cock and he and his wife lived together the happiest of lives until death.

* * *

It is not without a sense of immense satisfaction that we bring our task to a close.

When we began this article we had little idea it would occupy half the time, or demand so much research. But the obligation to keep faith with the subscribers to *Curious Bypaths of History* spurred us on. Of course, we know that the work is insufficiently done. None are more conscious of this than ourselves. But it was impossible to do better amidst the constant interruptions of business. We venture to hope that some witty and erudite writer may be tempted to take the subject up from other standpoints, and treat it in a brighter manner. There are gentlemen personally known to us, whose pens pregnant with imagination and wit, are capable of handling these studies in a style far more brilliant than has yet been done.

We trust in conclusion, that the lovely damsels and matronly dames of England will in nowise suffer at the hands of their male friends and relatives from the publication of our little *jeu d'esprit*. If they really are to be beaten, we are sure that no Englishman would dream of effecting this operation otherwise than as portrayed by Correggio—with thornless roses in the hands of tender Cupid.



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Errat longe mea quidem sententia,
Qui imperium credit gravius esse aut stabilius
Vi quod sit, quam illud quod amicitia adjungitur.

TERENCE, *Adelphi*, Act I. sc. 1. 42.







